

1822 ✓

THE
D E C O Y:
A N
O P E R A.

As it was Intended to be ACTED at the
T H E A T R E
I N
LINCOLN's-INN FIELDS.

*Nil admirari prope res est una Numici,
Solaque quæ possit facere & servare beatum.*

Horat. Epist. VI. Lib. 6.

By H. Potter. K



L O N D O N:

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[Price One Shilling and Six Pence.]





To the Right HONOURABLE

CHARLES Earl of *Tankerville*,

One of the Knights of the antient Order of the Thistle ; one of his Majesty's most Honourable Privy Council, and one of the Lords of the Bed-chamber to his Royal Highness the Prince of *Wales*.

My LORD,



WHEN I consider the Countenance your Lordship shew'd to the celebrated *Beggar's Opera*, I cannot but rejoice at my good Fortune to have this small Piece of mine (so much inferior to that) reciev'd by so judicious a *Patron* : And as your Lordship has done me the Honour to accept of this my Dedication, I cou'd wish my self capable of some poetical Logick to argue your Lordship into a good Opinion of it.

But I think, from the little Knowledge I have of your Lordship, and from the general Esteem which every one (who is so fortunate as to have the Honour of being acquainted with you) has for you ; I with great Confidence may flatter my self,

The DEDICATION.

self, that those Rays of Goodness, which are so diffusive in your Lordship, and which you so liberally bestow upon all Mankind, must support whatever you take under your Protection.

I have endeavour'd in this Piece to shew the *general Decay* of Mankind, how Innocence is betray'd, and how soon Folly takes Place. I have attempted to shew what *Dupes* the Youths of this Age are made of, and what Traps are laid to ensnare young ignorant Girls, unacquainted with the Town. I have painted as much Distress as the Nature and Circumstance of this Sort of Drama will allow of. I have expos'd the Vicious, and made them sensible of their Follies.

This is the Plan and Model I have built upon; and whether I have done Poetical Justice or not, I shall submit to your Lordship's better Judgment.

But here I must be silent, lest I should attempt to give an Evidence to that, which all the World are already acquainted with; I shall only beg, therefore, to assure your Lordship, no one can have a greater Sense of your just and due Merits, than he, who has the Honour to subscribe himself,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's,

most oblig'd,

most obedient,

and most devoted humble Servant,

HENRY POTTER.



THE INTRODUCTION.

Enter *Tragedy* and *Comedy*.

Trag.  *HE Task is difficult, I needs must
own,
To write a Tragedy, to please the
Town. —*

Com. *Tragedy, my good Friend, will ne'er go down.
Comedy's the Taste, — be it good or bad,
The Audience come to laugh, — not to be sad.
Take my Advice, withdraw your Tragick Muse,
For when 'tis on the Stage — there's no Excuse.*

Enter *Opera*, and slaps *Comedy* on the Shoulder.

Op. *Your Caution's good; I'd have you both agree,
And leave the Bays entirely to me. —
Not that I'm a Laureat, I'd have you know. —
I've only brought a little Sing-song Show.
A Thing you've seen; the Sketch is now in Print; —
To say the Truth, — there's little Meaning in't.*

Trag. *Then why would you produce it on the Stage?*

Op. *To shew you 'tis the Fashion of the Age.
Writing, you know, is grown a meer Disease,
And all that write, — sure were not born to please.*

Com. *Sir, I've a Comedy that must be play'd.*

Trag. *And I a Tragedy: — Pray, who's afraid?*

Op. *Patience! here's Tragi-Comedy in one,
And if you'll father it, — why, 'tis your own.
I here submit to th' Mercy of the Night,
Applaud, or Damn, — I'll think you in the right.*

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

Sir Francis Firebriecks, an old For- nicator.	} Mr. Lyon.	
Mr. Xenodochy, a Grecian Merchant, and a great Admirer of the La- dies.	} Mr. Stoppelaer.	
Sir Ralph Reformage.	Mr. Huddy.	
Justice Hamper,	} of the Quorum.	Mr. Penkethman.
Justice Touchmore,		Mr. Excell.
Justice Bridleman,		Mr. Collet.
Mr. Lookout, Clerk to the Justices.	Mr. Rosco.	
Captain Wou'dbe, a Sharper.	Mr. Bardin.	
Sir Thomas Pairnails.	Mr. James.	
Squire Spendthrift, Nephew to Sir Thomas.	} Mr. Jenkins.	
Skinflint, Steward to Sir Thomas.	Mr. Norris.	
Thomas Drivewell the Carrier.	Mr. Norris.	

W O M E N.

Mrs. <i>Haverly</i> .	} old Bawds.	Mr. <i>Hulett</i> .
Mrs. <i>Clarkwell</i> ,		Mr. <i>Pearce</i> .
Mrs. <i>Frisk</i> ,	} Women of the Town.	Mrs. <i>Williamson</i> .
Mrs. <i>Stroaker</i> ,		Mrs. <i>Haughton</i> .
Mrs. <i>Feelmore</i> ,		Mrs. <i>Christian</i> .
<i>Jenny Ogle</i> .		Mrs. <i>Roberts</i> .
<i>Harriette Shuffile</i> ,	} Country Girls.	Miss <i>Wherrit</i> .
<i>Sukey Slatern</i> ,		Mrs. <i>Purden</i> .
<i>Mary Licklips</i> ,		Mrs. <i>Vallois</i> .
<i>Diana Stepwell</i> ,		Mrs. <i>Morgan</i> .
<i>Betty Droslepate</i> ,	} Maid to Mrs. <i>Ha-</i>	} Miss <i>Sandham</i> .
<i>verly</i> .		

Constables, Watch, Servants, and Attendants, &c.



THE
D E C O Y:
A N
O P E R A.

A C T I.

SCENE I. *New Chamber.*

Mrs. Haverly's House. Two Chairs.

Enter Sir Francis Firebriecks and Mrs. Haverly.

Sir Francis.



LOOK ye, *Mrs. Haverly*, I must have new Women; and if you deceive me, I must go to another Market.

Mrs. Haverly. Sir *Francis*, you know that I have used you as well as any body could do; and have but a little Patience till *Tom Drivewell* comes in, and I'll engage you shall have fresh Goods.

B

A I R

Dramatis Personæ.

Sir Francis Firebriecks, an old For- nicator.	}	Mr. Lyon.	
Mr. Xenodochy, a Grecian Merchant, and a great Admirer of the La- dies.		Mr. Stoppelaer.	
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Justice Bridleman,			Mr. Collet.
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Sir Thomas Pairnails.		Mr. James.	
Squire Spendthrift, Nephew to Sir Thomas.	}	Mr. Jenkins.	
Skinflint, Steward to Sir Thomas.		Mr. Norris.	
Thomas Drivewell the Carrier.		Mr. Norris.	

W O M E N.

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Mrs. <i>Clarkwell</i> ,		Mr. <i>Pearce</i> .
Mrs. <i>Frisk</i> ,	} Women of the Town.	Mrs. <i>Williamson</i> .
Mrs. <i>Stroaker</i> ,		Mrs. <i>Haughton</i> .
Mrs. <i>Feelmore</i> ,		Mrs. <i>Christian</i> .
<i>Jenny Ogle</i> .	} Country Girls.	Mrs. <i>Roberts</i> .
<i>Harriette Shuffile</i> ,		Miss <i>Wherrit</i> .
<i>Sukey Slatern</i> ,		Mrs. <i>Purden</i> .
<i>Mary Licklips</i> ,		Mrs. <i>Vellois</i> .
<i>Diana Stepwell</i> ,		Mrs. <i>Morgan</i> .
<i>Betty Droslepate</i> ,	Maid to Mrs. <i>Ha-</i>	} Miss <i>Sandham</i> .
<i>verly</i> .		

Constables, Watch, Servants, and Attendants, &c.



THE
D E C O Y :
A N
O P E R A.

A C T I.

S C E N E I. *New Chamber.*

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LOOK ye, *Mrs. Haverly*, I must have new Women; and if you deceive me, I must go to another Market.

Mrs. Haverly. Sir *Francis*, you know that I have used you as well as any body could do; and have but a little Patience till *Tom Drivewell* comes in, and I'll engage you shall have fresh Goods.

B

A I R.

2 *The DECOY: An OPERA.*

A I R I. The Virgin Queen.

*Mrs. Hav. The Lasses that spin at the Wheel,
Have Notions of seeing the Town,
And Girls that are willing to feel
The Sense of more Pleasures than one,
Will all haste away to the Goal,
And gratify their Ambition;
No one will refuse to enrol,
Where Money's the Instigation.*

Mrs. Hav. I do assure you, *Sir Francis*, I had more bid me from a Lord at the other End of the Town for *Nanny Goodflesh*, than you gave me, by fifty Pounds; besides, — when you had done with her, you made your Money of her again in a very little Time, by recommending her to your Friends. — Therefore 'tis not generous for you to tell me you will go elsewhere for a fresh Supply.

Sir Fran. Nay, don't be angry, *Mrs. Haverly*; you know I always had a great Respect for you, and what I said was only to spur you on to Business.

Mrs. Hav. Sir, I know my Trade as well as any Woman in Town, and therefore want no Spur; — and you know I have at all Times given you the Refusal of my Ladies; — and tho' I say't, that thou'd not say't, I have as fine Goods as any Man can wish or desire.

Sir Fran. Why, 'tis true; — but when do you expect the Carrier to come in?

Mrs. Hav. To Night, Sir; — but *Sir Francis*, cou'd not you let me have ten Guineas upon Account.

Sir Fran. Ten Guineas! — Why really, *Mrs. Haverly*, I have not so much about me. — Let me see — There, — there's five, if that will do.

Mrs. Hav. Sir, I'll make shift with that for the present, and your Honour will owe me five more.

Sir Fran. Very well; — I understand you.

A I R

A I R II.

*Sir. Fran. The Man who indulges his Pleasure,
Must not lay up Money as Treasure;
But e'en let it go,
For Service, you know,
And get it again at his Leisure.*

Well, Mrs. *Haverly*! — you remember your Promise. — The first Interview, you know!

Mrs. *Hav.* Sir *Francis*, you'll always find me a Woman of Honour. [Exit Sir Francis.]

Come, this is something towards equipping out *Dolly Spindle*, and *White-Neck Jenny* for the Masquerade; — and if the Devil's not in the Dice, they must get Business.

S C E N E II.

Enter Mrs. Clarkwell.

Mrs. *Hav.* Your Servant, good Mrs. *Clarkwell*.

Mrs. *Clarkw.* Oh! Mrs. *Haverly*, have you got e'er a Dram? Oh! I shall faint.

Mrs. *Hav.* A Dram! Ay, I'll fetch you one in a Minute.

[Runs out, and re-enters with a Bottle and Glass.]

They sit down.

Here, take it, and drink it off, if 'twere a Gallon. — But what's the Matter, Mrs. *Clarkwell*?

Mrs. *Clarkw.* Oh, I can't speak! give me another Sup, and I shall be able to tell you.

Mrs. *Hav.* Here! 'tis special Gin as ever was tasted. — So! how do you find yourself?

Mrs. *Clarkw.* Something better, Mrs. *Haverly*.

A I R III. In *Perseus* and *Andromeda*.

Mrs. Hav. Oh, what comfort do we find,
 In a Glass of Liquor kind,
 When the Spirits are sunk low,
 When the Heart beats to and fro!
 How it raises
 Beyond Praises
 To a gen'rous Pitch of Mind!
 Makes the Ladies
 Gay as Dazies,
 Full of Love, and unconfin'd!

But what is the meaning, good *Mrs. Clarkwell*, of this sudden Disorder?

Mrs. Clarkw. Matter! these Curfed Reforming Justices have plaid the Devil with me, and that Rogue *Justice Touchmore* took the last Guinea from me, and then gave me and my poor Girls up, to be sacrific'd to that merciless Wretch *Sir Ralph*.

Mrs. Hav. Why truly, *Mrs. Clarkwell*, 'tis monstrous, that in a free Country, we industrious Women should be thus interrupted in our Vocations.

[*They rise.*

Mrs. Clarkw. Nay, 'tis a downright Shame, *Mrs. Haverly*. — It was not always so, let me tell you; and we too, who in the worst of Times, have been the chief Support to the Nation — Have we not promoted Trade? Have we not been Instrumental in the bringing up many a bold Soldier for his Majesty? And what not? — O! *Mrs. Haverly*, they do not deserve half what we have done for 'em. But in short, the World seems at an End, and so many bright Gentlemen, that we have been serviceable to, methinks might take our Case into Consideration, and bring it before the Parliament. — What think you of that, *Mrs. Haverly*?

A I R

AIR IV.

*Mrs. Clarkw. Then let us draw up a Petition,
To relieve our sad Souls from Despair,
Th' Indulgency of our good Nation,
May prove kind to Complaints from the Fair?*

*Mrs. Hav. Oh, Sister! Consider the Senate;
Let's be cautious in what we're about;
There's nothing but Wisemen that's in it,
Who knows what their long Heads may turn out?*

*Mrs. Clarkw. Why 'tis true, Mrs. Haverly; but
what must be done?*

Mrs. Hav. Why, we must help one another.

*Mrs. Clarkw. Alas! Mrs. Haverly, 'tis not in my
Power at present to serve you in any Respect. And
the Obligation I have already received, can only be
repaid in the Acknowledgments of 'em.— But you
know, my Heart was always good; and when Times
mend, you shall have the Renewal of my Friend-
ship.*

*Mrs. Hav. I believe you to be a very honest Wo-
man, and a good Christian, Mrs. Clarkwell; and if it
is in my Power to serve you, I will.*

*Mrs. Clarkw. Why then, Madam, give me leave
to ask one other Favour of you.— I expect Squire
Spendthrift this Afternoon; he's a good sort of a
Chap, and bleeds freely.— Now, as you know the
Situation I am in, if you cou'd lend me a Couple of
your Ladies, 'twill be of infinite Service to me.*

*Mrs. Hav. Why, I don't care to lend my Chil-
dren out, as a great many of the Trade do, but I will
do more than that for you. — You know the Hazard
I run, and the Expence I am at. Now do you see,
if you'll bring any Person of Reputation and Cha-
racter to be bound for you, upon the Appraisement of
my Stock, I will take you in Partner.*

Mrs.

6 *The DECOY: An OPERA.*

Mrs. *Clarkw.* Dear Madam, You're very kind ; but when a Woman's down, down with her, you know ; and I profess, I don't know who to ask such a Favour of.

Mrs. *Hav.* Why then, I'll put you in a Way. *Black-ey'd Moll*, you know, marry'd your Brother-in-Law—What's his Name?—Mr. *Letgo* the Constable.—Suppose you was to tell him your Case ; you know a few Guineas go a great way with him.

Mrs. *Clarkw.* 'Tis a lucky Thought indeed, Mrs. *Haverly* ; 'twill certainly do ; besides, 'tis making him our Friend at a dead Lift ;— which, let me tell you, is no bad Thing.

A I R V. Moll Peatly.

*Mrs. Clarkw. The Merchant who fails in his Trade,
No doubt but a Bankrupt must be ;
So she that secures not her Blade,
Is full as precarious as he :
Then Fortune, I'll try thee once more ;
My Sister in Partnership join,
In Love's Traffick my Stock restore,
And make up a Purse of good Coin.*

Well ! Good Mrs. *Haverly*, let me take my Leave of you ; for surely you are one of the best of Women !—but who do I see ? 'Tis *Thomas Drivewell* the Carrier ; he brings a fresh Cargo to be sure.

Mrs. *Hav.* Why then, Mrs. *Clarkwell*, leave me ; for I suppose he's coming to bring me Information that the Waggon's hard by.

Mrs. *Clarkw.* But what must I do about my young Squire ?

Mrs. *Hav.* Why, bring him here. So, Madam, your Servant.

Mrs. *Clarkw.* Dear Madam, your most humble Servant.

[Exit Mrs. *Clarkwell*.
S C E N E

SCENE III.

Enter *Thomas Drivewell*.

Mrs. Hav. Your Servant, good Mr. *Drivewell*. Why, you're a pure Man to come in so early.—Well! what shall I give you?—What think you of a Dram of right *Irish Usquebaugh* sent me from *Ireland* for my own Drinking?

Tho. Driv. Nay, I'ze no Churl, you know, *Mrs. Haverly*, as to the matter of that; What you please'n.—The last time I were here, you ga' me a wounded good Dram, by the Mass. I think it spic'd my Stomach for three Days afterwards.

Mrs. Hav. Why, that was a Water of my own making, Mr. *Drivewell*; and it has been much commended by People of Great Fashion, let me tell you.—Then you shall have a Dram of that.—Here, *Betty*!

Enter *Betty Droslepate*.

Bring a Glas of that Liquor from the Corner Cupboard next my Bed's Head: 'tis in a long-neck'd Bottle.

[Exit *Betty Droslepate*.

Well! what sort of Goods have you?—Are they fit for a Gentleman's Service?

Tho. Driv. I know not, good Faith.—There are some pretty Girls enouf;—but you'll be best Judge, when you zee 'em.

Re-enter *Betty Droslepate* with a Dram.

Mrs. Hav. There, drink it off. I'll engage 'twill make your Heart light.

Tho. Driv. Mistress, here's towards your good Health.

Mrs. Hav. Thank you, Mr. *Drivewell*.

Tho.

8 *The DECOY: An OPERA.*

Tho. Driv. Why this is Neck an Brofia, as we caw it; it's main good indeed. — Well! an you're dispos'd to go to the Inn; belike *Robin's* come by this time, for I left him at Stones-End.

Mrs. Hav. With all my Heart, *Mr. Drivewell*.

A I R VI. She wou'd not die a Maid.

Mrs. Hav. *Your Fate, my good Girls, now draws near;*
Your Virtue pray summons to your Aid:
Blame not the Stars that led you here;
'Tis Ungenerous them to upbraid.
But take my Advice as a Friend,
You'll not find me the worst of the Clan:
Feign, counterfeit well to the End;
'Tis your Interest alone to please Man.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV. Changes.

Enter Squire Spendthrift, and Captain Wou'dbe.

Spend. Well, Captain! You see there's nothing certain under the Sun.

Capt. No, nor over it neither, in my Opinion. — *Omnium rerum vicissitudo.* — Sir, that's my Motto; and since every thing must have its Turn, why shou'd you be uneasy? — To-day is your's, — To-morrow's mine: — And the next Day may be some Body's else. — Lard, Sir, the best Conjuror in the World can't tell how long his Wife or his Daughter will keep chaste. Then why shou'd you be uneasy at *Mrs. Feelmore's* liking another Man? — Why they must have their Way, and will have it sooner or later. — Psha! Psha! There's nothing in it. — Besides, you know, she never pretended to keep to any one Man.

Spend.

The DECOY: An OPERA.

9

Spend. Why, that's true; — but cou'd not she a'gone off, in another manner, but to rob me.

Capt. Ha! Rob you!

Spend. Ay Sir, rob me. She's taken my Watch, seven Broad Pieces, and two Suits of Cloaths.

Capt. You amaze me, Sir. — This is a new Story. —
[*Aside.*] Faith, I did not think the Girl had so much Wit. — But since that's the Case, I must assist you.

Spend. Which Way can you proceed to get 'em again, without Prosecuting her? — for methinks I wou'd not have the Girl hang'd.

Capt. Hang'd! no, hang her, I wou'd not hurt her: — But you must know, I am intimately acquainted with Mr. *Lookout*, who is Clerk to three Justices of the Peace, — all my good Friends. — Now I'll take out a Warrant; and if we can light of her, we'll bind up the Minx to her good Behaviour; — whether we get your Things or not. — You know, they're Trifles to a Gentleman of an Estate like your Honour; and the Glory of bringing her to Repentance, is all that is required from a Person of your Rank.

Spend. That's right, Captain. And as you're a Man of Parts, and my Friend, I leave it entirely to you.

A I R VII. Altho' I am a Country Lass,

*Then let us punish this bilking Jade,
Whose Study was to deceive me;
Sure no Man ever was thus betray'd;
I have doated on her Folly:
But now my Love is turn'd to Hate,
To Friendship true, I bid Adieu,
May she have Cause to curse her Fate!
Revenge is all, I have in view.*

C

Capt.

10 *The DECOY: An OPERA.*

Capt. Sir, here's my Hand: — You shall have Justice done you. — There will be some little Expence attend it; but I will take Care and defray that, and place it to your Account.

Spend. Sir, You are very obliging, and I shall acknowledge it.

Capt. Sir, Your most Obedient. — You're a Man of Honour every Inch of you.

Spend. No Compliments, dear Captain. So your Servant. [Exit Spendthrift.]

Captain Solus.

Come! this may be something in my Way, if I play my Cards well.

A I R V I I I.

Capt. *When his Brain's on the Rack,*
 Then his Purse I'll attack,
No Man sure can think me to blame;
 Is it not so with all?
 Each one to his Call,
The Statesmen all touch without Shame.
 An Estate to a Fool
 Makes him all the World's Tool,
Good Nature's abus'd by each Man;
 Since that's here the Case,
 Pray where's the Disgrace,
 To strike at a Share if I can?

S C E N E V.

Enter Mr. Lookout.

Capt. O Mr. Lookout! I was just going to your Office.

Mr. Look. What Services have you to command, Captain?

Capt.

The DECOY: An OPERA. II

Capt. Why, you are to know, I am Privy Counsellor to a young Gentleman who is in Distress, and I shall make it worth your while to assist me.

Mr. Look. Sir, You know, you may at all times command your humble Servant. — But what is the Affair?

Capt. Why, Sir, there is a certain Lady of this Town, that the young Squire has kept for some time; and the other Night she had a mind to change Hands, and make a Country Dance of it, and is gone off with Money and Goods to some Value.

Mr. Look. Pray, Sir, do I know her? What may be the Name she goes by?

Capt. Sir, she goes by the Name of Mrs. *Betty Feelmore*.

Mr. Lookout. Pray, was not she intimate with Mrs. *Frisk* and Mrs. *Stroker*?

Capt. The same, Sir.

Mr. Look. Why then the Affair is done. — I was last Night, at Mrs. *Frisk*'s Lodgings, when she came in; — And I don't doubt but I can get my Information there, where she is to be found.

Capt. At Mrs. *Frisk*'s Lodgings, said you!

Look. Yes, Sir.

Capt. You're pretty intimate there I think. Pray have you any Acquaintance with Mrs. *Stroker*?

Look. What! she that was kept by the famous *Zenodochy*, the *Grecian* Merchant!

Capt. Ay, that's the Girl I mean.

Look. Know her! Why she lodges with my Friend *Frisk*.

Capt. The Devil she does.

Look. Pray why so curious, Captain?

Capt. Why, if we manage Things discreetly, there may be something gain'd from that Quarter. — But more of that another time.

AIR IX.

Look. *A Town Justice's Clerk,*
Like a Cur that will bark,
Fetches out his Comrades together,
Then leaves 'em to squabble,
Surrounded with Rabble,
And fears no Approaches of Danger.
Bring me but the Money,
Your Warrant is ready,
Then do what you please with your Pris'ner,
I shall be satisfied;
You will be Gratified.

Capt. *Let's have it, and do not then loiter.*

Sir, to let you see that I am a Man of Honour,
 There — There's something for the present to Encourage you.

[Takes Money out of his Purse, and gives him.]

Look. Why then, Captain, you shall find me diligent. — But pray, — is the Squire rich?

Capt. Rich! — Faith, I don't know how he is at present; but he had seven thousand Pounds a Year.

Look. Seven thousand a Year! — Doe's he play?

Capt. No, I can't say he does.

Look. Why then, how is it possible he can run out?

Capt. Whores and Hangers-on has plum'd him a little. — Why Sir, there's his Levee is worth any Man's while to see — There's, Imprimis, Doctor *Look-a-skew*, a *Welch* Parson, that can't read *English*. — He has the Care of his Soul. — Then there is Mother *Clarkwell*, the good Woman, — she has the Care of his Body. Signior *Violino primo* — an *Italian* Fidler — he has the Care of his Senses, and Monsieur *Tenez Vous droit*, a *French* Dancing Master, — he is to set him upon his Haunches, and to learn him to make his *Exit* in a graceful Manner.

Lookout.

The DECOY: An OPERA. 13

Look. Very good ! and how long may he have been in Possession of this Estate ?

Capt. Let me see. ——— Why, Sir, he and his Steward have had it between 'em two Years; and upon a Pinch, when-ever the 'Squire is out of Cash, (the honest Man having a great regard for his Master) will lend him a Brace of 'Thousands of his own Money. at five *per Cent.* only, paying one *per Cent.* Brokerage for the procuring of it.

Look. Is that customary, Captain ?

Capt. Customary ! — Ay, with Numbers that I could name. ——— Why, half your fine Gentlemen in *England* are short-sighted, and obliged to make use of a Glass to see their most intimate Acquaintance. ——— Then how is it possible they should ever be able to look into Accounts ? ——— And who so proper to assist them with Cash, as those who have their Estates in their Hands ?

Look. Really, Captain, this is new to me. ——— I could not have thought there had been so much Stupidity in this Age.

Capt. Why, is it not necessary it should be so ? — Why, Estates would remain in Families from Generation to Generation were it otherwise. — And then what would become of us that have none ?

Look. That's true.

Capt. Sir, were Men to look to their Fortunes, and have an Eye upon their Families, in short, there would be no living. — No Female of better Race would fall to our Shares : No first Fruits we then could ever expect. — Really 'twould be a melancholy thing to think on it.

A I R. X. To the Tune of the Jovial Beggars.

Capt. *But since it was decreed
That we should be Help-mates,*

And

14 *The DECOY: An OPERA.*

*And make all Fools to bleed,
And purge well their Estates ;
Then let's glean 'em all from the high to the low,
For a gleaning we must go.*
Look. *To Riches ev'ry one,
We know was ne'er design'd,
But Money's the Loadstone,
That does attract Mankind,
And ne'er fails with 'em all, with both high and low ;
'Tis their Passe-par-tout we know.*
Capt. *Its Power is so great,
That Men their Reason lose,
In Council ends Debate,
'Twill Church and State amuse ;
For they are Gleaners all in their turns we know.*
Capt. } *Then a Gleaning let us go.*
Look. }

*Look. Well, Captain, give me your Hand ; for
you're a Man of Sense, and judge Things right.—
I'll make it my Business to find out this Girl, and
inform you of my Success.*

*Capt. Sir, lose no Time about it. — I'll to the
Squire.—So your Servant. [Exeunt.*

S C E N E VI.

*Changes to an Inn, and discovers Mrs. Haverly, with
five Country Girls, sitting round a Table ; Bottles and
Glasses.*

*Mrs. Haverly. Come, Children, take another Glass
of Sack ; 'twill chear your Hearts after your Jour-
ney.*

[Fills out Wine, they all drink.

*So.—Now, my Girls, be frank. I am a Stranger
to you all, but must tell ye, I have made the For-
tune of some hundred Ladies in my Time, and came
here*

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here purely out of Charity, (which I think the Duty of every good Christian) to assist, and to prevent your falling into bad Hands. — Therefore be free, and tell me what you propose to do.

[*Jenny Ogle gets up.*

Jen. Ogle. Madam, forsooth, Beggars mayn't be Chusers, as they say in our Country. — But I shou'd be glad of a Chambermaid's Place, and you'd be so kind to help a Body.

[*Sits down again.*

Mrs. Harv. What's your Name, Child?

Jen. Ogle. *Jane Ogle*, and please you.

Mrs. Harv. Jenny Ogle. — Look'ee, Child! — Service is no Inheritance, and if you'll follow my Advice, I'll take you all into such Business as will be profitable and pleasing. — You shall go home with me. — You shall live as I do, 'till such Time I can better provide for you. — If you don't like your Entertainment, 'tis but going to Service afterwards. — What say you?

Jen. Ogle. Forsooth, I can only speak for myself and *Mary Licklips*; for we have been Fellow-Servants together in the Country. — And I believe she'll not scruple to go any where wi' me.

Mary Licklips. No, marry won't I. — The Gentlewoman is very kind, I think; and I should count the other Lasses great Fools, an they refuse.

A I R XI. Ye Nymphs and Sylvan Groves.

Mary Lick. *In Mornings bleak and grey,*
By Dawning of the Day,
In Winds cold and raw,
In Frost and in Snow,
My Flocks they ne'er went astray;
But now I will try
Town Lasses t'out-vie,

And

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And Preferment strive t'attain.

I'll not lose Time,

Whilst in my Prime;

But hence decline

To guard my Kine,

And think of nothing but Gain.

Har. Shuf. Why, as to my Peart, I'd go with a' my Heart; — but *Sukej Slattern* has got a Promise to be a House-Mead to a Justice of the Peace; and her Friends wrote into the Country for her to come up to Town; and if I would come up with her, as being her Coosin, they would help me too.

Suk. Slat. Yes, forsooth, what *Harriette Shuffle* says is very true, and I am to have six Pounds a-Year.

Mrs. Hav. Six Pounds a Year to be a Slave! — Why, if you go with me, you shall live better than the Wife of that Justice of the Peace, and get more Money in Presents, whilst under my Roof in one Day, than your Year's Wages will amount to. — What say you to that?

Suk. Slat. Be Lady then I'll go with you, and Coosin will go too.

Har. Shuf. Nay, I'ze ne'er part for zure.

Diana Step. Then since my Fellow-Travellers are all determin'd, I shall put myself under your Direction, Madam.

Mary Licklips. Why then we are all agreed.

Mrs. Hav. That's well said. — Come, take another Glafs, and let's be merry.

[*Fills out Wine,*

A I R. XII. Recruiting Officer,

Mrs. Hav. Then ne'er refuse a good Offer,

But look upon motherly Advice,

'Tis only Fools that will saulter,

Where Pleasure gets Money by Choice,

Since

*Since Love is a Duty we owe,
And a Debt we with Pleasure can pay;
A Woman herself does not know
Who lets slip such a happy Essay.*

Mary Licklips. Why, this is a merry Gentleman.— Who wou'd have thought we shou'd ever have met with such good Fortune, *Jenny*?

Jenny Ogle. Not I truly.— Madam forsooth, and you please, my Service to you. [Drinks.

Mrs. Haw. Thank you, my Child.— And now, my Girls, if you are for moving, I'll pay at the Bar, and attend you.

Omnes. We'll wait upon you, Madam.

A I R XIII. When my Love the other Day.

*Farewell to my Kindred all,
Here's my Fortune, stand, or fall :
To my Churn and wooden Bowl,
I bid adieu, with all my Soul.
Now for Pleasure,
Woman's Treasure,
To my Senses yet unknown ;
The Rose is nothing till 'tis blown.*

[Exeunt.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Sir Thomas Pairnails, and Squire Spendthrift.

Sir Thomas. Look ye, Sir, if you follow this Course of Life much longer, your Purse will be as empty as your Head ; and all that you are to expect from me, is the Expence of your Transportation. — I'll pay that to get rid of you.— What with Fiddlers and Pipers, Dancing Masters and Whores, his
D Levee

Levee has been as much crowded as a Prime Minister's.

[*Aside.*

Spend. Sir, as you are my Relation, I am obliged to suffer your Correction; but were it otherwise, I wou'd not take that Speech from any Person living.

Sir *Thomas.* Od's bud! a pleasant Fellow, that has run out his Estate before he came to it, and, like all other fine Gentlemen, above Advice.

A I R IV. May Fair.

Sir Tho. *The Youths of this Age all alike are grown,
And envy the greatest Rakes o'the Town.
To be a smart Fellow is now the Taste;
No Booby so great as he that's Chaste.
Borrow, Trick, Cheat, and Spend,
That's the Fashion they recommend.*

Observe me, Sir, I was once as young as your self, but the Age I liv'd in was not so corrupt; or if it were, I had more Virtue, and cou'd withstand those Temptations which you daily fall into, and pride yourself in 'em, as Qualifications to make a Great Man.

Spend. Sir, what Indiscretions I have been guilty of, are no more than what all the World has done before me.

Sir *Thomas.* How, Sirrah! What! give me the Lie to my Face? — Out of my Sight, or I'll — Od! I could find in my Heart to lay my Cane over you.

Spend. Excuse me, Sir, I say what the indiscreet Part of the World have been guilty of before me.

Sir *Thomas.* Oh! — 'Tis well you explain your self; and pray, Sir, if you please, no longer follow the Example of that indiscreet Part, but learn from the Sobriety and Chastity of an Uncle how to behave your self for the future, or you shall have Reason to repent it.

[*Exit Sir Thomas.*

Spend. There goes my old Uncle, that for Women and Wine, with all the Appurtenances thereunto belonging,

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longing, has been, in his Time, as keen as the best of us all ;——but now, like all other old Fellows, exclaims at the Vice for want of the Power.

A I R XV.

Spend. *How easy 'tis to give Advice,
When we've past a certain Age,
Forgetting what we made our Choice,
We grow of Course mighty Sage.
Since that's the Case, pray where's the Harm,
In loving a Girl or so ?
A youthful Wench has such a Charm,
'Tis a Crime to let her go.*

[Exit.

End of the First Act.





A C T. II.

S C E N E I. *Mrs. Haverly's House.*

*Mrs. Clarkwell, Mrs. Haverly, and the Country Girls
at Breakfast.*

Mrs. Haverly.



Look'ee, *Mrs. Clarkwell*, I'll have no underhand Dealings. You know the Conditions I took you in upon; therefore you must play above Board with me.

Mrs. Clarkwell. Madam, if you come to that, my Character is as fair as your's, I wou'd have you to know, and have always liv'd in as good a Reputation.

Mrs. Haverly. I don't Dispute how you have liv'd; but consider the Situation you was in when I took you.—Therefore, to avoid any more Words between us, I tell you plainly, I'll have no whispering.

Fenny Ogle. Madam forsooth, 'twas no harm; the Gentlewoman was only asking me how I lik'd 'Squire Spendthrift last Night.

Mrs. Haverly. I was not angry with you, my Dear.—Harke'e, *Mrs. Clarkwell*, [*Aside.*] I have some Reason to believe you sunk upon me last Night, and did not divide the Money equal.

[*The Girls whispering together.*]

Mrs.

Mrs. *Clarkwell*. Well then, I protest upon the Word of an honest Woman, that I had no more than twenty Guineas of the Squire, for procuring *Fenny*.— And you know I gave you ten of 'em immediately.

Mrs. *Hav*. Yes, but you know our Articles were two Shillings in the Pound, towards the Sinking-Fund; ——— for our Debts must be paid.

Mrs. *Clarkw*. To be sure, Madam.

Mrs. *Hav*. Well! but for the future, don't make such bad Bargains, for 'twas too little.—— Why, I could have had twice as much from an old Alderman of the City, and the Girl wou'd not have been the worse for the 'Squire afterwards.

[*Knocking at the Door.*

Mrs. *Clarkw*. Hark!

Mrs. *Hav*. 'Tis Sir *Francis*, I suppose.

Enter *Betty Droslepate*.

B. *Drosle*. Here's Mr. *Xenodochy* desires to speak with you, Madam.

Mrs. *Hav*. Shew him into the Parlour.——

[*Exit the Maid.*

Miss *Ogle*, do you get your self dress'd, Child;— 'tis a Gentleman that is come to wait upon you.—

Mrs. *Clarkwell*, do you go up Stairs with the rest of the Ladies.

Mrs. *Clarkw*. Yes, Madam.

Har. *Shuf*. I don't know why we are not to see the Gentleman, as well as *Fenny Ogle*.

[*Exeunt all but Mrs. Haverly.*

Mrs. *Hav*. Let me see! a new House that has had a Tenant is generally reckon'd the better for it, and my Friend the Merchant is able to pay a good Price.

A I R XVI. Butter'd Pease.

Mrs. Hav. Sure Love can ne'er be bought too dear,
 By the impotent and old;
 You must allow that Point is clear,
 We adore but for their Gold.
 Therefore, my Friend, you must come down,
 With the Tribute that's our due,
 Your sixty odd, it is well known,
 Pay for what they cannot do.

S C E N E II.

Enter Mr. Xenodochy, and Mrs. Haverly. They meet each other.

Mrs. Hav. Your Servant, sweet Sir.

Mr. Xeno. Dear Mrs. Haverly, your Servant. — Well! I hear you have laid a good Foundation for a flourishing Trade.

Mrs. Hav. Alack, Sir, these hard Times we must do as well as we can. — I do assure you, Sir, upon Honour, that upon an Avarage of last Year's Account, I did not get the Profit of Almond Powder for the Ladies Hands.

Mr. Xeno. Why, that was a bad Year with you then.

Mrs. Hav. O! very dead, Sir, — no Trade at all.

Mr. Xeno. Well! but now to Business. — I am inform'd you have fresh Country Goods come in; — if you can recommend an honest, innocent, sober Girl, — I'll take her to my self.

Mrs. Hav. Pray, Sir, where had you your Information?

Mr. Xeno. Why, to be plain with you, I promised Betty a Present, if she wou'd let me know; for I
 am

am determined to run no more Hazards. And this Morning she sent me Word you had five Country Girls arrived.

Mrs. Hav. Sir, she's an impudent Hussy for her Pains, to impose upon a Gentleman of your Fashion. — I have but one I protest, and I am to have a hundred Guineas for her from my Lord Teazeall. — But then she's such a one! O Sir! was you to see her Eyes,—Complexion,—Turn of the Face,—her Shape,—her Make! in short, she's the compleatest Girl I ever saw.

Mr. Xeno. But cou'd not you let me see this Beauty?

Mrs. Hav. No Sir.—— You know, was it your own Case, you wou'd not think it honourable.—— Then she has such a Look, that wou'd pierce you.— And so much Innocence and Good Nature.—Indeed, to say Truth, I never saw her Fellow.

A I R XVII. As Jocky and Jenny.

Mrs. Hav. *No Nymph of the Plain with her Charms
can compare,*

*Her Eyes are like Stars, that enlighten the Air;
Her Lips are like Rubies, her Breath is so sweet,
No Balm goes beyond it, her Teeth are so neat;
Her Shape it is neither too long, nor too short,
She moves with such Graces, you can see no Fault;
Her Skin's free from Freckles, her Hair 'tis dark-brown,
She'll appear like a Goddess, the Envy o'th Town.*

Mr. Xeno. But Mrs. Haverly, — ah! — pray let me prevail upon you to see her. — You know, I have not been the worst of Customers.

Mrs. Hav. Why Sir, I would do any Thing to oblige you, but I dare not venture it.

Mr. Xeno. But why, Mrs. Haverly.

Mrs. Hav. I'll tell you, I was once young myself; — and I judge of the World from what I have,
and

and won'd have done myself. — And had it been my Fortune to have had the Charms this dear innocent Creature has, — I am sure Mr. *Xenodochy's* Generosity, Address, and Person; to be sure, wou'd have been too much for me to have withstood.

- Mr. *Xeno.* O! dear Mrs. *Haverly*, you are a very well-bred Woman: But let me entreat you to give me a Sight of this Girl.

Mrs. *Hav.* Well Sir, if you'll promise to be contented with a Sight only, you shall.

Mr. *Xeno.* I give you my Word and Honour, you may command me.

Mrs. *Hav.* Well then, — she's now dressing to go to my Lord, and she shall come, and make her Obedience to you before she goes. — [*aside.*] Now for a good Market. — If you please to sit down, Sir, I'll go and inform her of it, lest she should be sent for in a Hurry.

Mr. *Xeno.* Pray do, Mrs. *Haverly*. —

[*Exit Mrs. Haverly.*]

Come, if this Girl answers the Character she gives of her, 'twill make me amends for the last unruly Jade.

A I R XVIII. To *Hanover* from *Edinbro'*.

Xeno. Then now's the Time to bilk my Lord,

And make the Girl my own:

Possession's a Title on Record,

As good as any known.

As good, &c.

S C E N E III.

Re-enter Mrs. Haverly.

Mrs. *Hav.* O! Sir, 'twas well I went to prevent her going; for there's my Lord's Gentleman has waited

waited with a Coach ever since you came, to carry her away.

Mr. *Xeno*. But she is not in such a hurry, 'tis to be hop'd.

Mrs. *Hav*. Sir, she was just stepping into it :—
But here she comes.

S C E N E IV.

Enter *Jenny Ogle*.

Mr. Xenodochy goes and salutes her.

Mr. *Xeno*. [*aside*] Sweet Soul ! what Bloom of Youth and Innocency does she appear with.— Mrs. *Haverly*, ——— 'tis to you I must make my Application, being a Stranger to the Lady. — You have known me long, and therefore the most proper to recommend me to so deserving a Person.

Mrs. *Hav*. [*aside*] It works purely. ——— But Sir ; a Word with you, if you please. [*aside*] Remember the Conditions.

Mr. *Xeno*. That's true. — [*Aside.*] But what if I give you the same my Lord offer'd, will not that answer your Purpose as well ?

Mrs. *Hav*. Not at all, Sir. ——— Consider my Reputation and Honour lies at Stake. ——— Look'ee, Sir, as you have been my Friend and Customer, I'll give you the Preference. — Advance fifty more, and I'll come upon Oath to my Lord, that she has run away from me. — And I'm sure she's worth your Money. — What's a hundred and fifty Pounds to you ? — Why, have you not your Penny-worth for your Penny ? — I own to you the Diamond's rough and unpolish'd : — But still it has its intrinsic Value, and when it comes to be set, you'll be a Judge of its Lustre.

AIR XIX. Dame of Honour.

Mrs. Hav. *When you meet a Jewel that's good,
'Twill always bear a great Price,
Like your Lands that are well manur'd,
Brings the Money in a Trice.
Then why should you thus make Delay?
Her Days are precious like mine;
Since Love is so apt to decay,
My Girl shall not lose her Time.*

— Miss Ogle. — If you'll retire to your Apartment, I'll be with you in two Minutes.

[Mr. Xenodochy offers to go up to Jenny Ogle.
— Sir, I must beg you'll behave your self like a Man of Honour, and keep your Word with me.

Mr. Xeno. I think I have, Mrs. Haverly. — But give me leave to speak to the Lady.

[Mrs. Haverly whispers Mr. Xenodochy.
Jenny Ogle. [*Aside.*] I know not what to make of this. — I was dress'd to see the Gentleman, and now he's not to speak to me. — Not that I have any great Loss marry, for he has e'en a fowl Look with him. — I think I could never like him.

AIR XX. What Woman cou'd do.

Jenny Ogle. *Young Lasses, whenever to Love you're inclin'd,*

Make choice of your Man.

*When the Object you like, your Desire's confin'd
Alone to your Man.*

*There's something so charming in youthful Toying,
The Bliss is Extatic, and never cloying,
When perfectly pleas'd with your Man,
Forbear if you can.*

II.

*But when to a Man that is ugly and old,
 A Girl's to be ty'd,
 There's nothing can never tempt her but his Gold :
 That's all of his Side.
 Then why shou'd you chide for a Slip that she makes ;
 Consider the Task a poor Girl undertakes,
 To love or to like such a Man,
 'Tis not to be done.*

[*Mrs. Haverly go's up to Jenny Ogle, and whispers.*

Mrs. Hav. You heard what I said to you, Miss.

Jenny Ogle. Yes Madam, I shall be sure to observe your Directions. [Exit Jenny Ogle.

Mrs. Hav. Well Sir, what say you?—You know I wou'd serve you, if 'twas in my Power; and I think I have made a very generous Offer.

Mr. Xen. A generous Offer!——Why, a hundred and fifty Pounds would make some Men sell their King and Country.——'Tis too much, too much indeed.——Besides, you ought to make an Abatement for the last Termagant.—After I had equipp'd her out in Cloaths and the Devil and all of Trinkets, she must keep Company with Lords, and upon that commenced a Woman of Quality, took her Title from the first Nobleman that tipp'd her the Favour, grew common in a Month, run away with my strong Box in six Weeks, and I have never heard of her from that Day to this.

Mrs. Hav. Why she was innocent when she left me, and I have heard by-the-by that it was entirely owing to your self.

Mr. Xen. As how, pray?

Mrs. Hav. Why, Sir, to be plain with you, (asking your Pardon) I was inform'd you obliged her to change her Religion, and take up your's.—And take my Word for it Sir, whenever a Lady changes her Religion, she loses her Morals.—Why, I'll tell you,

Sir: — There was a certain *Romish* Priest was us'd to come and drink a Dish of Tea now and then with my Ladies, and as sure as you are there, his Arguments were so strong, that had I not forbidden him my House, I should have had my whole Family Priest-ridden. They began to have such Notions! — O Lud, Sir! — Let me advise you never to pretend to alter a Woman's way of Thinking; — for when it comes to that, they don't think at all. — And that was the Case with Mrs. Frisk.

A I R XXI. The Spring's a coming.

*Mrs. Hav. If Girls give you Pleasure,
 You find without Measure,
 They then will contribute and add to Love's Treasure;
 But if they're neglected,
 Or by you suspected
 To want either Judgment, Affection or Wit;
 'Tis a Point they can't bear
 As will plainly appear,
 From the high to the low they'll all domineer.
 You must not direct 'em,
 They'll tell you it hurts 'em,
 Wise Men to the Sex will at all Times submit.*

Mr. Xeno. Why truly, Mrs. Haverly, I was a little to blame; but shall learn better for the future. — But now to the Point. — I must have this Girl.

Mrs. Hav. Well Sir, I will not disoblige you; give me a hundred, and pay for her Rigging, and I'll stretch my Conscience, and make her your's.

Mr. Xeno. Any thing in Reason, Mrs. Haverly. — But what may be the Demand of this last Article?

Mrs. Hav. Sir, here's the Bill.

[*Mrs. Haverly delivers a Paper to Mr. Xenodochy, and Mr. Xenodochy reads.*]

Xeno,

Mr. *Xeno*. What the Devil! — for two Shifts, at twelve Shillings an Ell, — four Pounds. — ha! — For trimming of them, ten Pounds, — mighty well! — For a Suit of fine lac'd Night Cloaths, twenty Pounds. — Modest enough! — For a plain Lustring Gown, seven Pounds. — Very humble that! — For a Pair of pink-colour'd Silk Stockings with Silver Clocks, six Pounds, six Shillings. — That's necessary! — For a Pair of Silver wrought Garters, one Pound. — For a Pair of Shoes, five Pounds. — The Sum total, fifty three Pound six Shillings. — A very decent Bill truly! Only fifty-three Pounds six Shillings for the Lady's Undress.

Mrs. *Hav*. Why, Sir, I never let my Ladies disgrace any Gentlemen.

Mr. *Xeno*. But pray, Madam, give me Leave to ask you one Question. — My Lord, I think, was to give an hundred. — Was this Expence to be thrown in, Mrs. *Haverly*?

Mrs. *Hav*. Alack-a-Day! No, Sir. — This Bill was to be carried in afterwards. — Please to consider that, Sir; and then you'll be a Judge of my friendly Disposition to serve you. — You know, I offer'd her at an hundred and fifty. — And there, you see, I should have been three Pounds six Shillings out of Pocket. — But I love to make Things clear to a Gentleman.

Mr. *Xeno*. Well! I find my Inclinations are bent upon the Girl; therefore I'll give you a hundred and fifty.

Mrs. *Hav*. Well, Sir, I don't love to disoblige a Customer. — She is yours; and I'll go put a Stop to her Visit to my Lord, and dismiss his Servant. — Come this is a good Nick to be made upon a profess'd Gamester. [*Aside.*] [*Exit Mrs. Haverly.*]

Mr. *Xeno*. So — Now she's mine — Ha, ha, ha! I can't forbear laughing to think how my Lord is bit.

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bit. ——— Methinks I cou'd wish to be present when
he receives the Message.

A I R XXII. *To the French Tune Mirliton.*

Mr. Xeno. *My Lord, you are but a bad Schemer,
To be absent at this Time,
The present Man will always win her,
Let him but produce his Coin.
That gains a Mirliton,
Mirliton, Mirlitain,
Commands a Mirliton, ton, ton, &c,*

*Few Girls were ever tempted alone
With Honour or with Beauty,
Give Gold enough, and it will atone
To make it then their Duty.
To sell a Mirliton,
Mirliton, Mirlitain,
To sell a Mirliton, ton, ton, &c.*

And now for my Girl.

[Exit Mr. Xenodochy.]

S C E N E V.

Enter Sir Francis Firebriecks, and Mrs. Haverly.

Mrs. Hav. Ah! Sir Francis, ——— you see what
Power you have over our Sex. ——— Well! to be
sure there are four of as pretty fashion'd Girls, as any
Man would wish to be acquainted with.

Sir Fran. Well! ——— but have you talk'd to them
upon the Affair.

Mrs. Hav. O, yes, Sir. ——— I've set your Honour's
Character out in such a Light, that they are quite
charm'd with their Preferment.

Sir

Sir *Franc.* But you did not say I would give each of 'em ten Pounds a-Year; but that they were to have it by Turns. — You understand me, Mrs. *Haverly.*

Mrs. *Hav.* O! very well, Sir. — But I think ten Pounds a Year a small Matter for Girls that will have little or no Perquisites. — Come, be rul'd, and take my Advice. — Sir *Francis*, you know by woeful Experience, when the Ladies are pinch'd, it puts 'em upon mean Things; and 'tis so with all Mankind.

A I R XXIII. Joan's Placket.

Mrs. Hav. A Lawyer his Fee but abate,
Neglect but a Parson his Tithe,
Or a Bribe misplac'd by the State,
See, who will not take up the Scythe.

*The Grass they'll cut beneath your Feet,
And think 'tis their Part so to play;
Make their Court to the next they meet,
And tell you each Dog has his Day.*

Then don't look upon Trifles. — Why, every Body must live. — I am not like a great many of my Profession that are willing to get rid of their Ladies any how; but my Care is how to provide for them to their own Satisfaction, and to make it agreeable to myself.

Sir *Franc.* I believe so, indeed, Mrs. *Haverly.*

Mrs. *Hav.* Alack, Sir, — There's no Body knows the hard Task it is to have such a Charge, but those that feel the Weight of it.

A I R XXIV.

Mrs. Hav. Pray how oft have I griev'd to see
My Children bad Courses take?
You know what a Pain 'tis to me,
When good Council they forsake.

But Reproaches are all in vain,
Nature will have its Career;
So must suffer and not complain,
But in Advice persevere.

Sir Franc. 'Tis very true, and I know no one more capable of giving better Instructions than yourself.
 — But now inform me. — What's your Demand?

Mrs. Hav. O a small Matter will content me for the present, and you'll make it up to me another Time.

Sir Franc. Well, what is it?

Mrs. Hav. Why your Honour knows 'tis hard Times, and I think two hundred for the four Ladies is very moderate.

Sir Franc. Two hundred Pounds moderate!

Mrs. Hav. Was you to know all, you'd think so.
 [*Aside*] — Moderate — Yes, Sir, very moderate.

Sir Franc. Why, Madam, do you know what two hundred Pounds will do?

Mrs. Hav. Sir, I find you are not dispos'd to entertain my Ladies. — So, Sir, your Servant.

Sir Franc. Nay, hold! — don't be so pettish, *Mrs. Haverly*. — Why in such a Hurry?

Mrs. Hav. Sir, I have disobligh'd so many Noblemen and Gentlemen upon your Account, that I think 'tis Time to retrieve my Character with them, and trust to their Honour as I have done to your Word.

Sir Franc. Why, have I not always paid you well?

Mrs. Hav. Yes, as you have done your Ladies, with Statesmens Promises. — But for the future —

I am

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I am not to be deceiv'd. You must come down with the Ready, or expect no Dealings with me.

Sir *Franc.* The Devil's in the Woman, and I thought myself a Match for her too.

A I R XXV.

Sir *Franc.* *In thy Youthful Days, O Frank,
When Money was hard to get,
What Tricks hast thou play'd,
And never wast dismay'd?
Envy'd so much by the Great,
What Girls did I bilk?
From Stuff Gowns to Silk,
As the World can plainly prove;
But now Time's no more,
I must pay my Score,
And part with Siller for Love.*

Well, come along, Mrs. *Haverly*. — I see you will get the better of me.

Mrs. *Hav.* Yes, Sir. — But I must have it in Hand, for too much Faith has been the Ruin of me.

Sir *Franc.* Well, well, you shall. [Exeunt.

S C E N E VI. A Hall.

Table and Chairs, Pen, Ink, and Paper.

Enter *Justice Touchmore, Justice Hamper, and Justice Bridleman.*

J. Touch. Why, you have had a good Evening's Work, Brother *Bridleman*.

J. Bridle. Pretty well, Brother *Touchmore*. — But who expected to see you to Night?

J. Touch. Why, I was inform'd no Body was at the Office but Brother *Hamper*; and *Lookout* gave me to
F under-

understand there wou'd be Business: — And you know how 'tis, Brother.

J. Bridle. Ay: ay, — ha! — Who comes here?

[Enter Lookout.]

So, what's the Matter, Lookout?

Mr. Look. Nay, no great Matter. — Only a Leash of fine Birds that want pluming, that's all.

J. Hamp. Where are they?

Mr. Look. Here comes one of them.

SCENE VII.

Enter Mrs. Feelmor, Constables, Mob, &c. the Justices get seated.

J. Bridle. Well, good Woman, what is this Affair?

Mrs. Feel. And please your Worships, nothing but Malice, — and to get Money from me.

Om. Just. How!

Look. Sir, if your Worships please to hear what is laid to her Charge, here comes two Gentlemen that will answer for what has been done.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Squire Spendthrift, and Capt. Wou'dbe.

J. Bridle. Pray, Sir, give me Leave to ask you one Question. Here's a Warrant granted by Justice Touchmore to take up this Woman upon your Account: — What is it that you lay to her Charge?

Spend. Sir, I suspect she has robb'd me. Therefore beg she may be confin'd till I can make some proper Discoveries.

J. Hamp. Why, the Woman looks like an arrant Jade. — Ay, ay, dispatch her.

Mrs. Feel. Dear Sir, be not so cruel, but save a wretched Creature.

[Kneeling to the Squire.]

A I R

A I R XXVI. T'amo tanto.

Mrs. Feel. *Oh! turn not from me,
But shew your Mercy
To the Wretch that does your Pardon crave.
Hear me, Oh! hear me,
Thou dearest to me;
'Tis thy Betsey, once thy faithful Slave.
Oh! turn not from me,
But shew your Mercy
To the Wretch that does your Pardon crave.*

[*The Squire in a melancholy Posture.*]

SCENE IX.

*Enter Sir Thomas Pairnails, and stands at the Back
of the Squire.*

Sir Tho. Mighty fine, truly! — But I must break
the Neck of this, for the Boy melts already. [*Aside.*

[*Slaps him on the Back.*]

— Why, how now! what art struck dumb at the
Caterwauling of a Syren? — ha! — you graceless
Rogue, had your poor Father been alive, (as indul-
gent as he was to the Ladies) he would have play'd
the Devil with you both. — Come, Sir, I must
trust you no longer. March, March.

[*Sir Thomas shoves him off.*]

— So, now Gentlemen, you may take the Lady
to her Country Seat.

A I R XXVII. There was a pretty Girl.

Sir Tho. *You there may learn a Trade, which will add to
your own,
With a fal, lal, &c.*

The DECOY: An OPERA,

*Quite necessary for such Ladies of the Town,
With a fal, lal, &c.*

*The Work you'll there compleat, great Men will not
refuse,*

*Let 'em have Preferment, 'tis what they all do
chuse.*

With a fal, lal, &c.

Mrs. *Feel*. Sir, have you no Bowels of Compassi-
on?

Sir *Thomas*. No, Madam; no more than a piqu'd
Minister of State, who no sooner gets in Power, but
takes more Pride in Revenge, than a Priest in Cha-
rity. — Away with her, Gentlemen.

[Exit Mrs. *Feelmore*, *Constables*, &c.—and
Sir *Thomas* following.]

J. *Hamp*. Mr. *Lookout*, do you see the *Constables*
do their Duty. — Harke'e.

[*Whispers* *Lookout*,

Mr. *Look*. Sir, I shall observe.

[Exit Mr. *Lookout*.

J. *Bridle*. Well, Brother *Touchmore*, what think
you of that Girl?

J. *Touch*. Think! — Why, 'I think she deserves
to be punished. — But how stands the *Cole* with
her?

J. *Bridle*. I don't know. — But, to be sure, very
strong; for you hear she has fleec'd the *Squire*. —
But come, Gentlemen, we are like to have more Bu-
siness, therefore let's have some Wine.

J. *Touch*. } Ay, by all Means. — Here. —
J. *Hamp*. }

Enter a Servant.

— Bring some red Port.

Servant. Yes, Sir.

[Exit the Servant.]

J. *Touch*,

J. Touch. Pray, Brother *Bridleman*, did you not observe Brother *Hamper's* Eyes, how they were fix'd upon the Girl, when she was upon her Knees?

J. Bridle. *Hamper's* a Wag Brother.

Enter a Servant with Wine.

J. Hamp. Come, come, Gentlemen, there's ne'er a one of you all that wou'd refuse to release such a Girl as that for a Favour from her, if ye can find her again the next Day.

[*They sit down.*

J. Touch. Why, that's true.

[*They fill out Wine.*

A I R XXVIII. In *Perseus* and *Andromeda*.

J. Touch. Come, fill, fill away,

Trade to us all.

'Tis the Health of the Day,

That makes our Hearts gay,

Love pays for all.

Here's honest Drury,

Our chief Support,

All scorn Penury,

That there resort.

S C E N E X.

Re-enter Mr. Lookout.

J. Hamp. So, what's to be done next, *Lookout*?

Mr. Look. Sir, there are Constables with two more Ladies in Custody.—Here they come.

S C E N E

SCENE XI.

Enter Mrs. Stroaker, Mrs. Frisk, Constables, Mob, &c.

J. Touch. [*Aside.*] Business seems to encrease.—
Well, Friends ! what have you to say ?

1st Constable. An't please your Worships Right Honourable, the noble Captain *Wou'd be* charg'd me with this Woman, upon Suspicion of Injuries done to the worthy Mr. *Xenodocky*.

2d Constable. And I, an't please your noble Majesties, am charg'd with this Woman for selling her self a Skreen to the other, I think the Captain says ;—but here he comes, and can better inform your Honours.

SCENE XII.

Enter Captain *Wou'd be*.

J. Hamp. Captain, your Servant.— Well, explain this Matter, and let us learn what these Women have been guilty of.

Capt. May it please your Worships, that Lady was entertained by Mr. *Xenodocky* for some Time, who will make Affidavit of her running away with his strong Box ;— and the other received a Silver-gilt Broadpiece to secrete her in her House.

Mrs. Sroaker. But we'll come upon Oath there

Mrs. Frisk. S was nothing in the Box.

Omnes Justices. A plain Conviction.

J. Hamp. Where is Mr. *Xenodocky* ?

Capt. Sir, the Gentleman is a very considerable Trader, and Ships coming in, oblig'd him to attend the Entry of his Goods, and therefore left the Affair to me, —so must beg you'll be pleas'd to send 'em

to the House of Correction, 'till such Time he appears against 'em.

Omnes Justices. It shall be done.

[*The Girls, in Confusion, whisper together.*]

Mrs. Stroaker. Now I'm undone indeed. — Oh ! *Frisk.*

Mrs. Frisk. Oh ! *Stroaker*, who on Earth is there so wretched as my self ?

Mrs. Stroaker. Talk not of Wretchedness, but let us curse our dull Stars, that have thus betray'd us. — Instead of a Continuation in the Delights of Love, a Bed of Straw, and our Keeper's Stripes is to be the Portion of our future State.

Mrs. Frisk. O wracking Thought !

A I R XXIX. De'el take the Wars.

Mrs. Fri. Was e'er such Fate as we've had together ?

First to be routed by Sir Ralph ;

Mrs. Str. Had we remain'd sep'rate from each other,

We at this Time had been quite safe.

Mrs. Fri. Curse on such pimping Justice,

Mrs. Str. That live upon their Practice,

To perplex poor Women thus for Lucre of Gain.

Mrs. Fri. To the great Jove,

Mrs. Str. The God of Love,

Mrs. Fri. Assist us now

Mrs. Str. In this our Vow,

Mrs. Fri. } *T' impover us to give them Pain for Pain.*

Mrs. Str.

Look. Ladies, if you'll give me Leave, I'll attend ye to your new Lodgings, that I may be assured Care is taken of you ; for I always had a great regard for your Sex.

Capt. [*Aside.*] Lookout, deal fair.

Look. [*Aside.*] Distrust not my Honour, and you shall find me a Gentleman.

Capt.

Capt. Pho!

J. Bridle. Mr. Lookout, — the Mitterimus is made; therefore you may withdraw with the Ladies as soon as you please.

[The Women put their Handkerchiefs up to their Faces.]

Look. Ladies, give me Leave.

[Mr. Lookout takes one of each Side him, and they make their Exit with the Constables.]

The Justices rise.

Cap. Gentlemen, I've given Orders to Mr. Lookout to pay what Fees are due.

Omnes Justices. 'Tis well, Sir.

[Exeunt the Justices.]

S C E N E XIII.

Captain Solus.

Now, for the Soul of me, can I help being uneasy, lest this Dog Lookout should hold a Main, and I only stand Box. — Then again, I know he's a Woman's Man, which is the Devil.

A I R XXX. The White Joke.

*Capt. What Fears perplex the Gamester's Heart,
Who trusts Mankind to play his Part?
Where Women have a powerful Sway,
That Man is ever sure to lose,
Who never can the Sex refuse,
But gives Consent to all they ask,
And tell you 'tis a pleasing Task;
Good Breeding will not say them Nay.*

End of the Second Act.

A C T



ACT III.

SCENE I. *Sir Francis Firebriecks' House.*

Enter Harriette Shuffie, and Sakey Slattern.

Harriette Shuffie.



ELL, *Sakey*! — this will never do. —
I almost wish my self in the Country again.

Suk. Slat. I can't say so much, but am far from being contented.

Har. Shuf. Where one's Interest is concern'd, there is something to be said for suffering the Caresses of an old Fellow; — but that being entirely out of the Question, — 'tis Folly all over.

A I R XXXI. *Tweed Side.*

Har. Shuf. Oh! then let me haste from this Place,
My Heart is quite sunk in Despair;
Since Beauty alone is the Case,
Alas! 'tis well known I've no Share.
Then why should I range the World o'er,
My Fortune e'er strive for to make?
To my Shepherd Love I'll restore
Nor Shepherd, nor Sheep, e'er forsake.

Suk. Slat. I own, my dear *Harriette*, we have both of us Reason to complain; but the imaginary Pleasures of a Town Life, has given me an aversion to the Milking-pail.

G

Har.

42 *The DECOY: An OPERA.*

Har. Shuf. I don't know what extensive Notions you may have of Pleasure; but the Prospect of it seems so wide to me, that I cannot perceive so much as a distant View of any thing that looks like it.

Suk. Slat. No.—Pray what think you of *Fenny Ogle*?—Does not she appear like a Lady?—Has not she a Watch by her Side, and dress'd as fine as a Queen? Oh! *Harriette*, thou know'st nothing of the World.—If one Man does not do, another may.

A I R XXXII. In vain dear *Chloe*.

Suk. Slat. If so, no Girl should e'er despair,

Her Shape, or Wit,

Something will hit,

To make her shine with *Debonair*.

Youth has its Charm,

Whilst kept from Harm,

And ever will excite.

Give one an Air,

Tho' she's not fair,

'Twill please, and give Delight:

'Twill please, and give Delight.

S C E N E II.

Enter *Diana Stepwell*, and *Mary Licklips*.

D. Step. Why so melancholy, Ladies?

Suk. Slat. I don't know any one, excepting your self, and *Mary Licklips*, have any Reason to be joyful.

Mary Lick. Why, really was I to meet with no more Satisfaction than the Favours I received from *Sir Francis*, I should be pretty free from Envy.

A I R XXXIII.

How lasting is the Pleasure,

To those of rural Life!

What

*What value is the Treasure,
That's free'd from anxious Strife.*

*Cou'd I once more obtain it,
How happy shou'd I be,
I'd leave the Town and submit,
In every Degree.*

But hush, here he comes.

S C E N E III.

Enter Sir Francis.

Sir Fran. So, Girls! — Well, you must be all very clean and neat; I have Company coming, and I don't know but they may lie here. — If they do, you know your Lessons. — Pleasure is at all Times purchas'd, — and 'tis fitting the Promoter of it, when at any Expençe, should be reimburs'd.

A I R. XXXIV. To a French Tune.

*Sir Fran. You'll find it so with all Mankind,
If you'll but consider,
T' Interest alone the World is blind,
Churchman and Lawgiver.*

*They each by turns will have their Share,
Yet preach up Doctrine to beware,
And tell you that their only Care,
Is Honesty for ever.*

— Harriette, — I believe I did not inform you how you were to behave. — You know your Wages are very handsome, and you have more Countenance shew'd to you all, than most Servants can boast of. — I expect you'll be well paid for secret Services to

44 *The DECOY: An OPERA.*

Night : Therefore five *per Cent.* Vails is more than ought to be allow'd ; but, however, I'll give you twelve Pence out of every Guinea you earn, towards buying you lac'd Shoes, — for I love to see Girls go neat about the Feet.

Har. Shuf. Was there ever such a Wretch ?

AIR XXXV. As Love-sick Damon.

Har. Shuf. *How cursed is she,
In ev'ry Degree,
Whose Faith relies on Man !
There's nothing more sure,
Than she must endure
The Fate to be undone.*

Suk. Slat. Don't take it to Heart. Consider, *Harriette*, Times may mend. — Hark'ee. [*Whispers.*

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Sir, here's Count *Bubble*, and Squire *Heart-free*, with two more Gentlemen, are come to wait upon your Honour.

Sir Fran. Shew 'em into the Parlour, and I'll be with 'em immediately.

[*Exit Servant.*

—— So ! here are two of the four, as fine Chubs as ever were taken in a Net ; and I believe there's no great Difficulty to guess at the others ; — For a Man is generally known by his Company, but I'll to 'em, and *Reconnoitre* a little.

[*Exit Sir Francis.*

Har. Shuf. I own I did not expect we shou'd have met with such Usage.

Mary Lick. Why, 'tis provoking, and if you were all of my mind, you'd resent it.

Suk.

The DECOY: An OPERA. 45

Suk. Slat. Resent it! — Do you imagine there is one amongst us that wants Spirit? No, no, I hope no one here is of that Spaniel Nature.

Dia. Step. I advise you, Ladies, to be merry and wise, however.

Har. Shuf. Pray, Madam, how long is it since you have learnt so much Wisdom?

Suk. Slat. We all know how long. — I suppose Mrs. *Diana* looks upon herself to be a Woman of Quality, from the Honours that are conferr'd upon her.

Dia. Step. I think you are all impertinent, and undeserving any Civilities from Sir *Francis*.

Mary Lick. Why, truly, Mrs. *Diana*, — I've known Sir *Francis*, as well as your self; and for the future, will take Care (as to my own Part) never to rob you of any Civility he is willing to bestow upon you. Ha! ha! he!

Har. Shuf. Nor I, upon my Word, Madam.

Suk. Slat. Your Ladyship has him to your self for me, I assure you.

Omnes. Ha! ha! he!

Dia. Step. Vulgar Creatures! — Madam, notwithstanding these Airs, there is not one of you all but wou'd be glad to rival me, if it was in your Power.

Mary Lick. Indeed, and indeed, Mrs. *Diana*, I must beg Leave to tell you 'tis a Mistake; for as to my own Part, I am grown so nice, that nothing that is old or coarse will go down with me. — And I believe I can say as much for the rest of the Ladies.

Mrs. Dia. Step. Really, Madam, I can't pretend to answer for the Depravity of your Taste, or that of the other two Ladies; (for give me Leave to call it so, where Interest lies at Stake) I don't tell you, but I despise the Man; — but, then I like his Money; and if he is not so generous as he ought to be, a Woman must be contented 'till she can mend her self.

Har.

46 *The DECOY: An OPERA.*

Har. Shuf. Come, come, this Dispute's ended.—
I find Mrs. *Diana* is of our Opinion.

Mrs. Dia. Step. Of your Opinion! ——— Yes,
Madam, let Fortune throw a young handsome Fel-
low in my Arms, with half the Views I have had
from Sir *Francis*; ——— Then you shou'd see if my
Constitution is not as warm as any of yours.

Suk. Slat. Why then, my dear *Diana*, thou art a
Girl fit for the World, and to my Taste. ——— We
now seem to know one another perfectly well; there-
fore let us fling off all Clouds of Despair, and make
the best of our Market. ——— Come, let us Salute,
and be Friends.

[*Suk. Slat. salutes Mrs. Diana; they all salute
one another.*]

Mrs. Diana. I am sure I never bore Ill-will to-
wards any of my Companions.

Suk. Slat. I believe not, indeed, Child.

A I R XXXVI. Come, follow, follow me.

Suk. Slat. *Then Hand in Hand let's join,
To Feuds no more incline;
But let us all agree,
To live in Harmony.
Let Interest be our future Care,
And each, unenvy'd, have her Share.*

Chorus. *Let Interest, &c.*

[*A Bell Rings.*]

——— So, there's the Bell, I suppose there will
be Business for us all; therefore, Ladies, Adieu.

Omnes. Adieu.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Changes to Bridewell, and discovers several People beating of Hemp; Mrs. Stroaker, and Mrs. Frisk, beating of Hemp; Mrs. Feelmore throws down her Instrument.

Mrs. *Feel.* Now I am sacrific'd,—fold,—betray'd to Shame, and branded with Infamy. ——— Oh! that I had remain'd in some poor Cottage, free from aspiring Thoughts, I then, perhaps, had learnt to knit and spin.

Enter a Servant with a Letter.

Serv. Madam, is your Name *Feelmore*?

Mrs. *Feel.* Yes.

Serv. Then I have Orders to discharge you, and to deliver you this Letter.

[*Mrs. Feelmore takes it, and reads to herself.*

Mrs. *Feel.* Well! thank my Stars, I am once more at Liberty.

[*The other Girls lay down their Instruments.*

A I R XXXVII. Moggy Lauder.

Mrs. *Feel.* My Heart with Transport now is full,
Of Joy beyond Expression;
What Comfort 'twas to find a Cull,
When past Imagination!
In Time of Need,
They're Friends indeed;
No matter for the Reason;
Be't Charity,
Or Gallantry,
It comes in Time and Season.

Pray

Pray call me a Coach to the Door.

[Exit the Servant.]

—Ladies, I wish you a good Deliverance.

Mrs. Stroak. From whence this speedy Change, pray?

Mrs. Feet. Ask no Questions, Child; for I must be gone. — So, your Servant.

[Exit Mrs. Feelmore; they look after her.]

Mrs. Frisk. Well! we came together, and here must stay. — Methinks the good Fortune of Betty Feelmore (as well as I wish her) gives me Pain.

Mrs. Stroak. Why, these unexpected Turns are too severe, I own; but 'tis ungenerous to repine at the good Fortune of a Friend, or grudge to others what was never allotted to ourselves.

[Re-enter the Servant.]

Ser. Hey Day! Don't you know the Wages of Idleness, Ladies? If you're above Work, you must pay for those that will do your Business for you; Or — come — how strong?

[They give him Money.]

— This won't do, I must have a Twelver a-piece.

Mrs. Frisk. There. —

[gives more Money.]

— Sure, what a Brute this Fellow is, to use Women of our Rank, in such a Manner, when his Betters have given us the Preference to Women of the first Quality!

[Aside.]

AIR XXXVIII. O the Broom.

Mrs. Stroak. Oh! why are we thus to be us'd?

This Fellow's a Villain in Grain:

No Persons can be more abus'd,

Pth' Fleet by the Wardens again.

Mrs. Frisk. Plunder is the Word from 'em all,

Wherever 'tis in their Power:

Like Death, they seize both great and small,

And 'tis practis'd every Hour.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Stroak*. Why, 'tis true ; and, till we're acquainted with some great Men, who have more Value for the Sex, than Regard to their own Interest, we must not expect Redress. — But come, Child, since we have paid our Money to be exempted from this sort Work, we've no Business here. — Let's retire into another Room.

Mrs. *Frisk*. Ay, with all my Heart. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. Changes to the Street.

Enter Mr. *Xenodochy*. To him Mr. *Lookout*.

Mr. *Xeno*. *Lookout*, I am glad to see thee.

Look. I thank you, Sir ; and, if you'll give me Leave, I can return the Complement, for more Reasons than one ; — for I am in Hopes to strike your Honour for a Piece or two.

Mr. *Xeno*. Why, what's to be done now ?

Look. Done ! Why, the Birds are in the Cage. — Egad the Captain and I stood a dev'lish Brush. — But he being a fighting Man (not that all Military Men are so) I put him at the Front of the Battle.

Mr. *Xeno*. And *Stroaker* is taken, you say ?

Look. Ay, Sir, and her Companion Mrs. *Frisk*. — We seiz'd them both. — Indeed the Captain claims all the Merit ; — and I am very certain there's a little of my Side ; — for after I had them in my Possession, they muster'd up between 'em five Guineas, and gave it to me, to let 'em make their Escape. — I took the Money, indeed, but my Conscience obliged me to bring 'em to Justice, because I should get more by it.

Mr. *Xeno*. I always said thou wou'dst turn out something great. — There, — There's a Couple of Pieces for you.

Look. I thank your Honour. ——— Why 'Faith, when a Man has learnt the Art of Touching, there is some Hopes. ——— It helps him in his Schemes.
[*Aside.*]

A I R XXXIX. Maggy's Tocher.

Look. 'Tis Money that makes us great ;
We all do very well know,
This World it is all a Cheat,
No more than an outward Shew.
To Knowledge some pretend,
Some of Family boast ;
All Fools alike contend,
Who first shall stand the Roast,
But he's th' immortal Soul,
That Riches has in Store ;
No Man will him controul ;
'Tis Gold we all adore.

Mr. Xeno. Hark'ee, *Mr. Lookout.*

[*Mr. Lookout and Mr. Xeno. whisper.*]

Look. Sir, I'll make it my Business to find it out.

Mr. Xeno. Prithce be diligent ; for I would gladly know.

Look. Sir, you may depend upon me.

[*Exit Mr. Xenodochy.*]

—— Well ! I am a lucky Dog, and my Godfather gave me an Estate in giving me my Name. — For when a Household Dove gets loose from her Pent, — no one so courted as *Lookout*, — to bring her to her Mate again.

SCENE VI.

Enter Captain Wou'dbe.

Capt. Well ! *Lookout*, — What's the Dividend ?

Mr.

Mr. Look. Ah! Captain, — You know the old Proverb. — You can have no more of a Cat than her Skin. — I search'd their Pockets, one of 'em had a bent Six-pence, — a King *Charles's* Farthing, — a picce of Sealing-Wax, and half a Nutmeg. — The other had conceal'd a Golden Guinea in her privy Purse (which you know I had a Right to examine, as being an Usher of the Black Rod to the Noble Bench;) I therefore beg'd leave to be the Lady's Cashier.

Capt. And is that really all?

Mr. Look. Why, do you distrust me?

Capt. No; — but from the Multiplicity of Business Men are apt to make Mistakes, and forget themselves.

Mr. Look. [*Aside.*] I wish the Devil has not help'd him to some Intelligence, but I'll brazen it out. — Sir, you have had sufficient Proof of my Ability in Business, and my Fidelity in the Execution of it: — Therefore I take it unkind that you shou'd suspect my Honour or Honesty.

Capt. Nay, don't be captious. — I meant no harm. —

Mr. Look. [*Aside.*] Then, All is well again.

— Come Sir, you shall have no Reason to complain. I'll now let you into a Secret. — You are to know, I have just parted with Mr. *Xenodochy*, who informs me his last Girl is gone from him, and he has a Notion that she is at Mrs. *Haverly's* with the young Squire. — You know *Xenodochy* comes down handsomly; so that 'twill Answer our purpose if we can find her out.

Capt. How shall we manage it?

Mr. Look. Why, if Sir *Ralph* has but the Hint, 'twill be sufficient for him to make Search. — And 'tis but making Tryal of it.

Capt. You are right. — And he's fond of the Office.

Mr. Look. Then do you go directly to him, and give Information.

Capt. It shall be done.

A I R. XL. Under the Greenwood Tree.

Capt. *To you, Sir Ralph, I make my Court,
Reformer of the Age.*

Look. *Since Love with you does not resort,
We beg your Personage,*

Capt. *To give us Aid,
In this our Trade,
That we gain our End.*

Look. *All Honours due
We'll give to you,*

Capt. } *Nor for 'em e'er contend.*
Look. }

Mr. Look. Come, dear Captain, we live but in this World to help one another. — Honesty is the best Policy, and always a sure Game to play. — Industry is to be commended in all Ages, and that Branch of it, that we concern our selves in, has more than singular Merit. — 'Tis our Country's Cause — a Cause that never dies.

Capt. Why Faith, our Business requires Men of Knowledge and Experience; and the detecting of others, is the only way to conceal our own Guilt. — That's all the *Patriotism* that I know of. — But Mum!

S C E N E VII.

Mr. Look. *And the Captain go to one Side of the Stage.*

Enter Sir Tho. Pairnails.

Sir Tho. Pairnails. What Difficulties, what Perplexities of Body, Mind and Estate, do the young Fellows of this Age bring themselves to, from their
into-

intolerable Vanity. — Half their Income goes to the Support of Fawning Flatterers, — Blood-Suckers, that never leave 'em till they have drain'd 'em to the lowest Ebb, — and then appear the foremost in the Band to exclaim at their Follies, and expose their Weaknesses to the World. — Oh! this Boy, — this Nephew of mine! — What a plentiful

[*Here the Captain and Mr. Lookout listen.*

Fortune has he thrown away, and made himself a Beggar! — Yet wou'd he quit this last Woman, and pledge me his Honour to leave this Course of Life, — I could shew the Affection of an Uncle in the strongest Light, and pride myself in the Act.

Capt. [*Aside*] Enough. — This must be Jenny the old Fellow means. — Therefore go you upon the Scout, — and I'll to his Worship.

[*Exeunt Lookout and the Captain.*

Sir Tho. P. — But then 'tis hard to trust him. — When Men are blind to their Passions, they are easily bore away: Infatuation leads 'em on, and all Advice give Pain.

Enter a Servant with a Letter and delivers it to Sir Thomas; he opens it, and reads.

Honour'd Sir,

After so many indiscreet Acts that I have been guilty of, 'tis a Presumption in me, to expect any Favours from you; but as you are my nearest Relation, and have at all times given me the best of Counsel, believe me, Sir, I never stood in more need of it than at present; therefore beg your Assistance to your affectionate

Kinsman, &c.

—— So, Limbo's the Word, I suppose. ——
Where did you bring this Letter from?

Serv. The Devil Tavern, an't please your Honour.

Sir

Sir Tho. Ay, a proper Place enough. — Well, you may go about your Business. I shall be there presently. [*Exit the Servant.*]

— 'Tis even so. — His Spirit is too haughty to send to me, were it otherwise. — But perhaps it may make him sensible of his Follies. — However 'tis a proper Time to try him.

A I R XLI. In the merry Month of *June*.

*How Traps are laid to ensnare! —
To Mankind what is worse,
Than Passions that impair
Their Senses and their Purse! —
The Fair she shews her Art
In making Man her Slave;
All Things combine,
And with her join:
He's Wretched to the Grave.*

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E VIII. Changes.

Enter Sir Ralph Reformage, Capt. Wou'dbe, Constables, &c.

Capt. Sir, this is the House, and if you'll stand at a little Distance, till I have made my Entrance, I shall quickly secure the good Woman, and give you an Opportunity to make your Search.

Sir Ralph. 'Tis very well.

[*Captain goes, and knocks at the Door.*]

S C E N E IX.

Enter Mrs. Haverly.

Mrs. Hav. Your Servant, Sir. — Who shou'd have thought of seeing so great a Stranger as the *Capt.*

Capt. 'Tis not my Fault indeed, *Mrs. Haverly*. — But as I receive Pay for the Service of my Country, I must do my Duty, you know.

Mrs. Haverly. I did not know you were in the Army. — I thought 'twas only a Travelling Name to charm the Ladies: — For I never knew one that was not fond of a red Coat in all my Life. — And I take it, you have no Aversion to the Sex.

Capt. No, Faith. — And if you have any thing that is very cleaver, I shall esteem it as a great Favour to be entertain'd by a Lady of your Recommendation.

Mrs. Hav. You have tim'd it wrong, *Captain*; for I am quite out.

Capt. What! not one.

Mrs. Hav. I can't say that. — I have one Lady in the House; but to tell you Truth, she's engag'd for the present.

Capt. Hum! — { *Signs to Sir Ralph.*
— And pray, who may that Lady be?

Mrs. Hav. I must beg to be excus'd there. — But if you'll walk in, or call some other Time, I'll endeavour to serve you, as far as my humble Capacity will admit of.

Capt. You're very good, *Mrs. Haverly*. — I'll stay an Hour or two with you now, if you'll give me Leave, and we'll have a Sneaker of Punch together.

Mrs. Hav. With all my Heart, *Captain*.

A I R XLII. Soft Harmony dispenses.

Mrs. Hav. Good Liquor always cheers me.

It gives new Life,

No Cares nor Strife

Do at that Time o'erwhelm me.

It is my Soul's Delight.

The DECOY: AN OPERA.

To the despairing Lover

Removes his Pain,

Let's loose his Chain,

He's for a Time a Rover.

Its Power is exquisite.

Come, Sir, if you'll please to walk in, I'll follow you.

[Exit the Captain and Mrs. Haverly.

Sir Ralph. You must observe, when the Door opens, to be ready to enter.

Const. Yes, an't please your Worship.

[A Noise within, Help, help, help; Murder.

Enter the Captain.

Capt. Come, Gentlemen, you may advance; I've secur'd my good Mother under Lock and Key.

[They all enter the House.

SCENE X.

Justice Hamper runs out of the House upon the Stage, with a Flannel Night-cap upon his Head; his Coat and Waistcoat unbutton'd; his Sword, Cane, Hat, and Wig, in his Hand. The Constables after him, and seize him.

J. Hamp. Stand off, Fellows.

Enter Sir Ralph and the Captain, leading Mrs. Feelmore.

Sir Ralph. Who's this? — What! my Brother Justice turn'd Sportman!

Capt.

Capt. [Aside.] a Pox of my Mar-plotting Head,—
I am all wrong.——This is shooting at a Pidgeon
and killing a Crow.

Sir Ralph. [to the Constables.] Retire, Friends, with
this Woman, till I call for you.

[Exit Mrs. Feelmore, Constables, &c.]

J. Hamp. Why, Look'ee, *Sir Ralph*, —— Nature
will be Nature; —— the Girl took with me, and
I released her from the hard Labour I my self had
sent her to, and appointed her to meet me here, that
I might administer such Advice as wou'd learn her
more prudent Behaviour for the future.

Sir Ralph. But this was not altogether a proper
Place for Admonition, Brother *Hamper*.

J. Hamp. Not as it has turn'd out, *Sir Ralph*;
but our Business is to overlook one another, and keep
that Part of the World honest that is beneath us.

Sir Ralph. Those Fellows did not know you, I
hope.

J. Hamp. Not one of them.

Sir Ralph. Why, then make your *Exit*; for I must
go on with my Search, and send these wicked Wo-
men to the House of Correction.

J. Hamp. Spare the Girl, *Sir Ralph*, and do as
you please.

Sir Ralph. Fie, Brother *Hamper*, —— have I
taken all this Pains to gain a Reputation, in suppressing
such disorderly Houses, and shall I forfeit it now?
—— No! —— What wou'd the World say? —— he
that has made it his Business to present all Houses
under such Denomination, shall not only wink at
the Fault of a Brother, but omit punishing those who
were concern'd in the Offence. —— No, Brother
Hamper, —— 'tis not to done. —— Therefore with-
draw, and leave me to act as I think fit.

[Exit Justice Hamper]

A I R XLIII. On a Bank of Flowers.

*Sir Ralph. 'Tis manifest to all the World,
Preferment I do seek,
My Character to young and old's
A Courtier very meek.*

To Levees I have often been,
My Speeches there in Print are seen,
With a fal, lal, &c.
You know what I do mean.

Capt. You're right, Sir *Ralph*, and 'tis no new Thing for one great Man to make his Court to another.—Humility has its Merit, though at present somewhat out of Fashion.— But to the Business :— Suppose I call in the Constables, and make a second Search. I am almost persuaded we shall find the Girl I am in quest of.

Sir *Ralph*, Do so, but let 'em take Care to secure the Girl they have already in their Possession.

Capt. Sir, that I have taken Care of.

Sir *Ralph*. Then call 'em in.

[The Captain goes out, and re-enters with the Constables.]

Capt. Come, Gentlemen, I'll head ye.

[*They all enter the House, and bring Mrs. Harverly and Mrs. Clarkwell upon the Stage.*]

S C E N E XI.

Capt. [*Aside.*] I have fail'd of my Mark, that's certain.

Sir *Ralph*. Well, Women! — what have you to say for your selves? — Which Way can you answer for such abominable Proceedings, that encourage Fornication and Adultery, to draw in and ruin the Youth of

of this Age? — These are growing Evils; — Evils of more mischievous Consequences to the Publick than can be well express'd.

Mrs. Hav. Sir, I can't pretend to give you an Answer suitable to your Question. — I have at all Times been desirous of getting an honest, genteel Employment, to support my self and Family, and if it has not turn'd out to your Worship's Taste, I am sorry for it.

Sir Ralph. What an execrable Wretch! — Here, Constables, — see these Women convey'd to the House of Correction. — Captain, as you are a Man that love to see Justice executed, I shall take it as a Favour if you'll see 'em taken Care of.

Capt. *Sir Ralph*, you may depend upon your humble Servant. [Exit *Sir Ralph*.

A I R XLIV. Ye Nymphs and ye Swains.

Mrs. Hav. *How cou'd you betray
 One that never said Nay,
To help you to a Girl that was kind and gay?
 How often have you swore,
When at Tick in Love you've run,
 No Friend e'er did for you more
 Than I had truly done?*
[Weeps.

Capt. Why, 'tis true.

Mrs. Clarkw. Then are not you an ungrateful Wretch? — Is this the Return? — This the Reward due for such Obligations?

A I R XLV. When the Kine had given a Pailfull.

Mrs. Clarkw. Sure we shall in Time discover,
 Gratitude is but a Name.

*Rich and Poor ape one another;
 Dirty Work is done for Gain.
 Perverse Creature,
 Where's your Nature,
 To Reward our Merit so?
 We have you serv'd,
 And ne'er deserv'd
 To be thus treated by you now.
 To be thus, &c.*

Capt. Indeed it grieves me to see your Sex in Distress, and believe me, (*Mrs. Clarkwell*, and you *Mrs. Haverly*) 'twas a random Shot; I meant no harm; my Aim was at *Jenny Ogle*. I assure you 'tis not in my Power to prevent your going to *Bridewell*:—— but I love to be grateful, when you are there, I'll do what Services I can to get you a Release. [*Aside.*] That is, if you'll take my Word for it.

A I R XLVI. In the pleasant Month of May.

Capt. *Great Men they will condescend
 To cringe and bow to gain their Cause,
 Promise what they ne'er intend:
 Good Precept ne'er fails of Applause.
 Since this is now the Rule,
 I'll not be thought a Fool,
 I need not go to School,
 To read o'er Machiavell's Works;
 But from my Betters learn,
 And make it my Concern,
 That I with Ease discern
 The Art of all their Tricks and Quirks.*

—And now, Ladies, I must beg Leave to attend you.

SCENE

SCENE XII. Changes.

Enter Sir Ralph Reformatage, and Sir Francis Fire-briecks.

Sir Ralph. So, you say your whole Family has deserted you.

Sir Fran. Ay, *Sir Ralph*, they are all fled, and in good Time;——for had they stay'd much longer, I shou'd have had my House about my Ears.

Sir Ralph. How so, pray?

Sir Fran. Why, Jealousy rais'd Sedition amongst 'em, that they were so cursed mutinous, my House was at all Times surrounded with an insolent Mob, that often kept me Prisoner in it for Hours.

Sir Ralph. Ah! *Sir Francis.*——'Tis Time you shou'd leave off conversing with such Creatures.——Consider, you grow old, and you may be outwitted.——Read my last Speech to the Grand Assembly in *Petty France.*——Your Morals want improving.

Sir Fran. I know you're a good Speech-maker. — But, *Sir Ralph*,——why, you don't consider the two chief Topicks the World is govern'd by;——'tis Self-interest and Pleasure.——Now my Scheme has been to Search out the Foible of all Mankind, and wherever I found a Man whose Wealth was burthensome to him, I was always Master of some new Invention to go Snacks with him.

A I R XLVII. Cockamycari the.

Sir Fran. Some Men are taken like a Trout,
 Shew one a Fly,
 He'll soar as high,
 He'll play, he'll frisk, he'll jump about,
 'Till by the Hook he's ta'en.

*The greedy Bait he swallows down,
Like Children, pleas'd with Sugar-Plumbs,
Tempted alike he cannot shun,
Tho' it must prove his Bane.*

Sir Ralph. But have not you fail'd in your Art lately?

Sir Fran. Why, the Age is somewhat improved, and not a little obliged to me for it. — But who have we got here? — Oh! I see 'tis an old Pidgeon, of mine, and his billing Dove. — Come, *Sir Ralph*, let us retire, for 'tis a Rule with me never to spoil Sport. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E XIII. Changes.

Enter Squire Spendthrift and Jenny Ogle.

Squire Spend. Well, *Jenny*! — This adverse Fate strikes deep to my Heart, that I must be deprived of one that is so dear to me.

Jenny Ogle. And is there no Hopes left?

Squire Spend. None in the World, my Dear. — You're sensible, when I was taken into Custody, I must have gone to Goal, without my Uncle's Assistance. — My Estate is sold, — the Money spent, and I reduced to the last Extremity. — He therefore laid his Commands upon me, to part with you instantly, and he wou'd settle an Annuity for my Life, agreeable to my Wishes; — but expected to be obey'd, and insisted on the immediate Execution of it.

Jenny Ogle. Barbarous Man!

Squire Spend. He farther added, that upon Condition I wou'd renounce your Sex, excepting the Partner, he shou'd give to me — I shou'd find him much my Friend. — I know it has been often talk'd, by Will he has made me his Heir; but my way of Life not concurring with his Morals, I am told he determin'd

The DECOY: An OPERA. 63

min'd to cut me off with a Shilling. — How far my Misfortunes may influence him to change his Way of thinking, I know not; but at present, Necessity, that brings all Mankind to Obedience, will oblige me to follow his Directions.

Jenny Ogle. And will you fly me?

A I R XLVIII. A Swain of Love.

*Farewel to Joy and Pleasure,
No Peace my Soul can find;
To part with thee, my Treasure,
The Thought distracts my Mind.
O! why must Man for ever
Be made the Scoff of Fate!
Oh, Cupid! with thy Quiver,
Now end my wretched State,
Ungrateful Creature!*

[Weeps.

Squire Spend. Not by my Choice you know; — for I cou'd gaze on thy bewitching Eyes, grasp thee in those folding Arms, press thy panting Heart to mine, and waste my Life in Love.

Jenny Ogle. Then why will you go from me?

Squire Spend. What can I do? My Fortune's gone, even destitute of Bread; — 'tis cruel Destiny, but we must submit.

[*Squire Spendthrift and Jenny Ogle, looking on each other.*

A I R XLIX. In *Perseus* and *Andromeda*.

S. Spend. *Must I then leave thee,
My charming Jenny?
Oh! 'tis Death to me
That we must Part.*

J. Ogle. *Oh! name it no more,
Kind Death, I implore*

My

*My Peace you'll restore,
 And strike the Dart.*
 S. Spend. *Oh ! thy Words kill me.*
 J. Ogle. *No more I beg thee.*
 S. Spend. *Talk not so to me.*
 J. Ogle. *My Heart will break.*
 S. Spend. *Talk not so to me.*
 J. Ogle. *No more I beg thee.*
 S. Spend. *Oh ! thy Words kill me.*
 J. Ogle. } *My Heart will break.*
 S. Spend. }

SCENE XIV.

Enter Captain Wou'dbe.

Capt. Joy, Joy, to my noble Friend ; Health, Life, and Pleasure attend my worthy Patron, Sir Trueman Spendthrift.

Squire Spend. Whence this Banter, Captain ? You did not use to joke thus with your Friends in Distress.

Capt. Sir, I acknowledge Truth is as great a Rarity from my Mouth, as Sincerity from a Hypocrite. — But this I think I can aver.

Squire Spend. What !

Capt. That you are Sir Trueman Spendthrift, Baronet, now in the Possession of five thousand Pounds per Annum, and twenty thousand Pounds Ready Cole ; — and here comes one that will attest it.

Enter Mr. Skinflint, Steward to the late Sir Thomas Pairnails.

Mr. Skin. Sir, I come to acquaint your Honour that Sir Thomas, your Uncle, departed this Life two Hours ago in an Apoplectick Fit. — By Will he has left you his whole Estate Real, and Personal —

But

But it is upon Condition you marry Miss *Arabella Lovely*: — A young Lady of great Merit, but no Fortune. — Her Father was a Sufferer in a late Scheme, and Sir *Thomas* was no small Sharer of his Fortune. — I often heard him say, Restitution was what every Man should make, who in any Degree had partaken of the Plunder of his Country. — And therefore had he liv'd he determin'd to give this young Lady to you in Marriage, and made the same Provision in Case of Death, that if your Honour refuses, — the Estate goes to her and her Family.

Squire Spend. What a Change is here! 'twou'd have been more generous to have left it to my own Discretion; but I have seen enough of Misery to learn more Conduct for the future. — Therefore I shall execute my Uncle's Will in every Respect. — As to you, Mr. *Skinflint*, I shall continue you in the same Office you were in. — You're now my Steward, and as Decency requires my Retirement, I expect you'll see the Funeral Rites due to my deceas'd Uncle faithfully executed. — My dear *Jenny*, you shall find me honourable, and tho' I am depriv'd of giving you my Person, you may be assur'd of my Friendship.

Capt. But, Sir. — I think your Honour shou'd send a general Release to those Cravat-makers; — Ladies that are forc'd to work *gratis* for their Country; — For this is a Day that will give Joy to all your old Acquaintance. — And if I mistake not, you have a pretty many of 'em there.

Squire Spend. Well, well, let it be so. — It may be a means of making them as sensible of their Follies as I am of mine. — *Skinflint* shall furnish you with what Money is necessary — and as you love to be employ'd, do you be the welcome Messenger.

Capt. Sir, with all my Heart. — My Friend *Lookout* knows how to draw a Release, and we shall be all right again.

A I R L.

Capt. *My Credit I now shall retrieve ;
 Sure no Man can do more :
 An Act of Grace, as I conceive,
 Was wanting heretofore.
 Indulgence we give to the Fair,
 And some Faux-Pas excuse ;
 But ev'ry one is not to share ;
 Some Folk we must refuse.*

*The four last Lines to be ended with the first Part of
 the Tune.*

— Come, Mr. *Skinflint*, I must have a little of
 your Ready Rino — That's our *Primum Mobile*.

Mr. *Skin*. Sir, I will wait upon you.

[*Exit Mr. Skinflint and the Captain.*

Squire Spend. You must obey the Decree of Fate
 with Patience, Child ; this is a turn that may be hap-
 py for us both.

Jenny Ogle. What Happiness can I expect, if you
 forsake me.

Squire Spend. I shall not forsake you. — And to
 convince you of my Affection, I will make you a Set-
 tlement that shall maintain you like a Gentlewoman,
 and not in the Power of any Person to revoke but
 yourself. — But you must be deny'd to all Men that
 wou'd visit you in a dishonourable Way : — that's an
 Injunction I must lay upon you. — And tho' with
 great Reluctancy, — I even debar my self.

Jenny Ogle. That last Clause I beg may be left
 out. — Your Benevolence is great, and much be-
 yond what I cou'd e'er expect — To be debarr'd from
 all the World is no hard Task for me, except your
 self. But to be depriv'd of the Man I love, is worse
 than Death.

[*Weeps.*
Squire

Squire Spend. 'Tis in vain to think on't. — It must be so — And as the World approves of your Conduct, you shall find my Friendship increase. — This Embrace, and farewell. [Exit the Squire.]

She looks after him.

A I R LI.

J. Ogle. *You cruel Powers ! that leave me here,
To sigh and make my moan,
Shew Pity, be not too severe !
Oh ! hear my dying Groan,
No Passion sure can equal mine,
Were Men but half so true ! —
Our Sex wou'd ne'er have cause to pine,
Nor bid to Love adieu.*

Jenny Ogle. How foolish is fond Woman ! — What is the World, that we shou'd covet it so much ! — Pride and Ambition blows up one half of our Sex, the other falls a Sacrifice to Love and Inclination. — Yet when I reflect, and consider the wretched Fate of my Companions, and the miserable State of such who follow their Examples, I am happy. — My Eyes are now opened to that large Gulf of Misery, whose Precipice I was so near. — Then let me bless the Hand of Providence, that permitted me to escape.

*And that my future Life I so may lead,
That in the Paths of Virtue I may tread,
Void of all Ills — I shall no Censure dread.*

Exit Jenny Ogle.

SCENE

SCENE XV.

Changes to a Room in Bridewell, and discovers Mrs. Haverly, Mrs. Clarkwell, Mrs. Feelmoore, Mrs. Frisk, Mrs. Stroaker, Capt. Wou'dbe, and Mr. Lookout.

Capt. You're all free Ladies, every Mother's Child of you——So if you have a mind to return to the old Trade of Basket-making, Why, very well:—And if 'tis possible for you to reclaim, so much the better;—But at present you have nothing to do but to sing and be merry.

A I R LII. Blowzabella.

C H O R U S.

Capt. My part I've Acted to please you all,
No Statesmen e'er cou'd say so much :
I never did any one enthrall,
Yet fail'd you not by Turns to touch.

Mr. Look. Here's Freedom for you, to recompence
Your Losses, were they e'er so great ;
A Boon, that's of such Consequence
That Joy to all it must create.

Om. Wom. Our Thanks you have with a loud Voice,
That shall eccho thro' all the Town ;

Mrs. Hav. } From Qual. to the Cit, they'll rejoice ;
Mrs. Clark. }

This Day they with Pleasure will crown.

Mrs. Feel. Hence, Avaunt, my Fears are vanish'd,

Mrs. Stroak. Nor have I now ought to dread ;

Mrs. Frisk. And as for me, my Cares are banish'd.

Mrs. Feel.

Mrs. Stroak. } Sorrow now is from us fled.
Mrs. Frisk. }

Mrs. Frisk.

Gen. Cho. 'Tis so with Mankind the World o'er ;

When a Storm is blown over and gone,

They think of the Danger no more,

Nor imagine e'er to be undone.

F I N I S.

Air I. (*The Virgin Queen.*)

1



Air II.



Air III. (*In Perseus and Andromeda.*)



Air IV.



2

Air V.

(Moll Peatty.)Air VI. *(She would not die a Maid.)*Air VII. *(What tho' I am a Country Lass.)*

Air VIII.



Air IX.

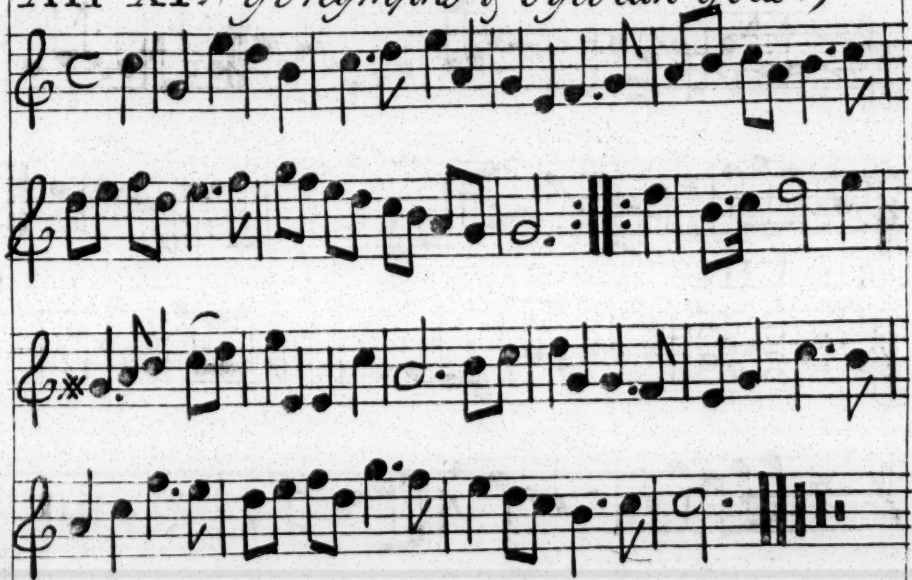
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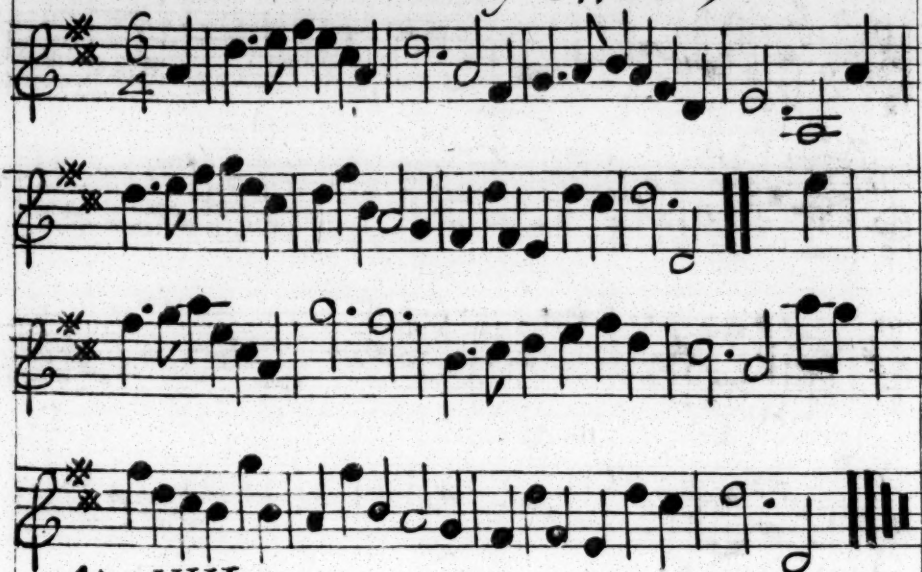
Air X.



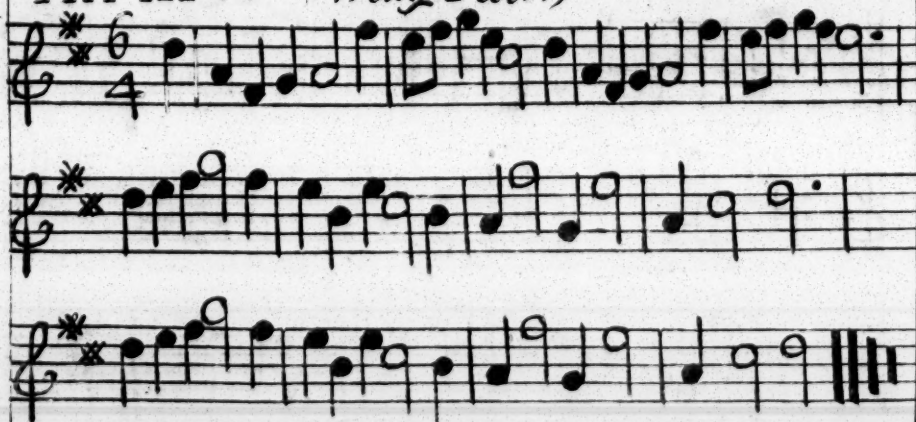
Air XI. (*Ye Nymphs & Sylvian Gods.*)



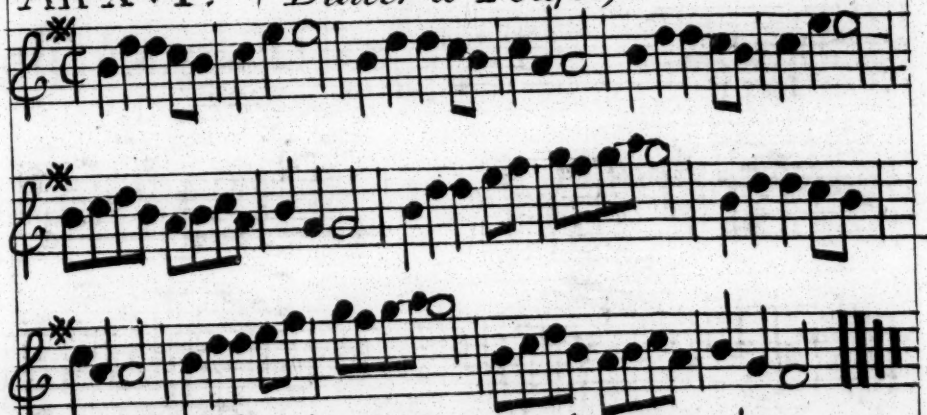
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Air XII. (*Recruiting Officer.*)

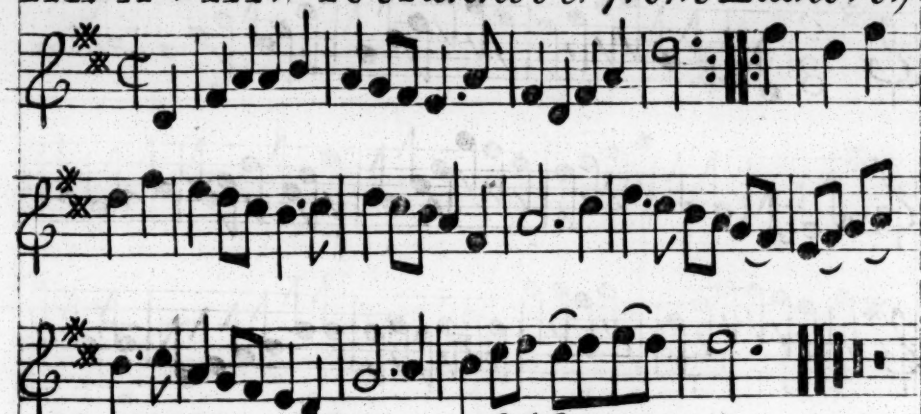
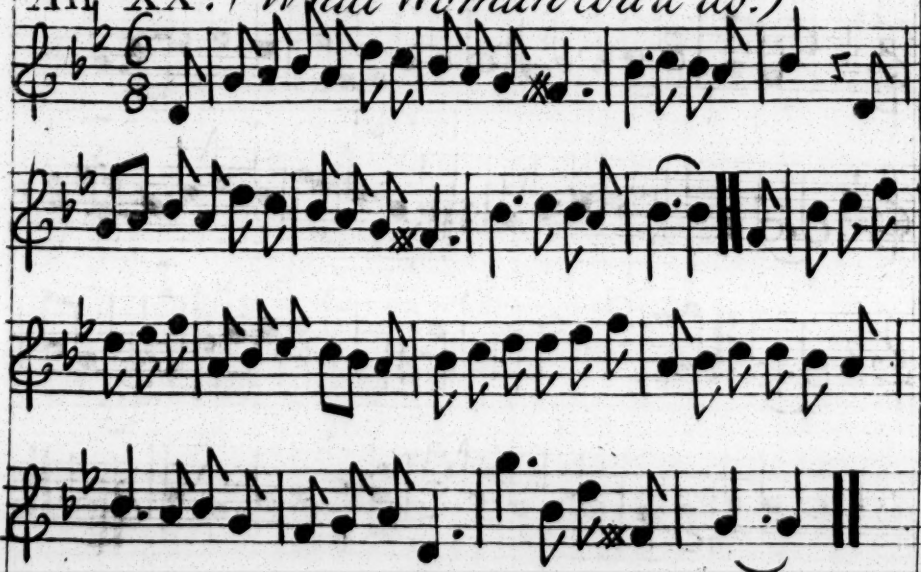
Air XIII.

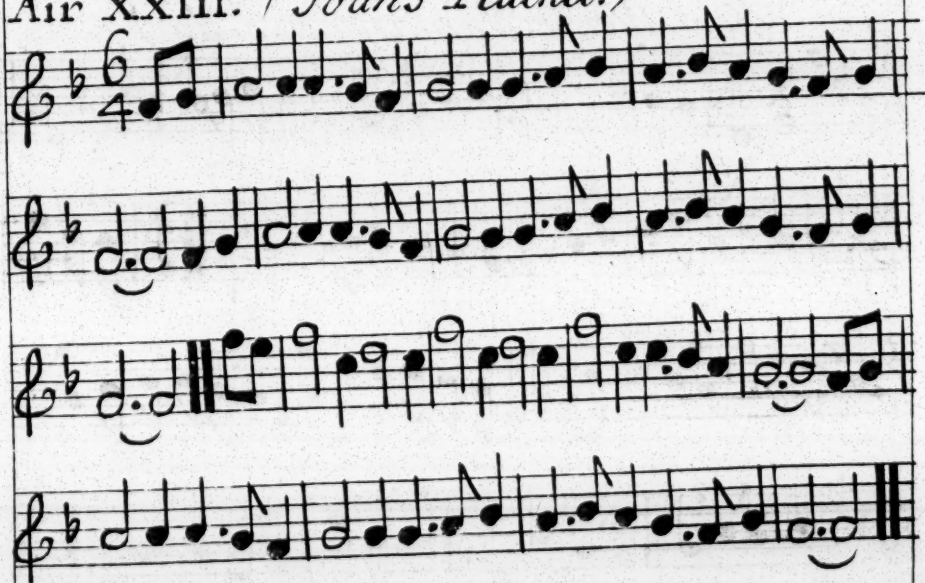
Air XIV. (*May Fair.*)

Air XV.

Air XVI. (*Butter'd Pease.*)Air XVII (*As Jockey and Jenny.*)

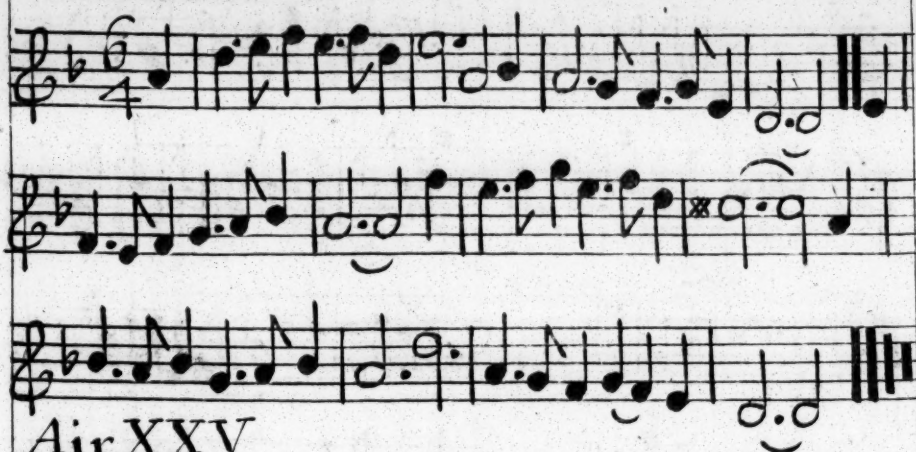
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Air XVIII. (*To Hannover from Edinbro.*)Air XIX. (*Dame of Honour.*)Air XX. (*What Woman cou'd do.*)

Air XXI. (*The Spring's a coming.*)Air XXII. (*To y French Tune Mirliton.*)Air XXIII. (*Joan's Placket.*)

8

Air XXIV.



Air XXV



Air XXVI



Air XXVII. (*There was a Pretty Girl.*)

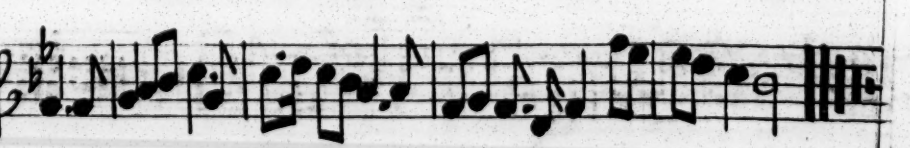
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Air XXVIII. (*In Perseus' and Andromeda*)



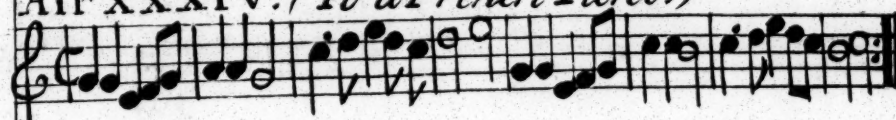
Air XXIX. (*Deel take the Wars.*)



10

Air XXX. (*The White Joke.*)AirXXXI. (*Inweed Side.*)Air XXXII (*In vain dear Clde.*)

Air XXXIII.

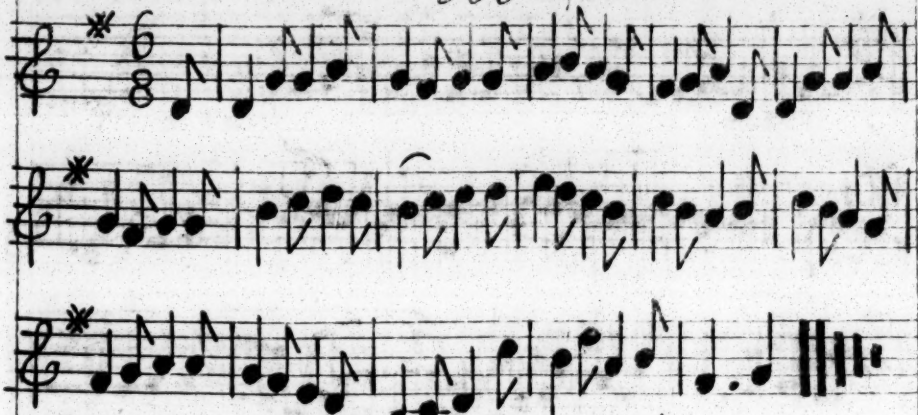
Air XXXIV. (*To a French Tune.*)Air XXXV (*As Love sick Damon.*)

Air XXXVI



12

Air XXXVII. (*Moggy Lauder.*)

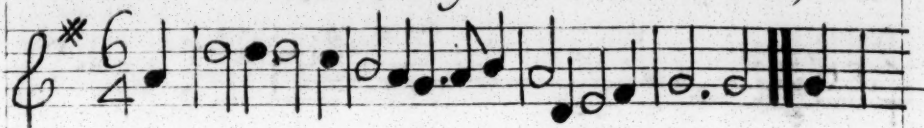


Air XXXVIII. (*O the Broom.*)



Air XXXIX. (*Maggie's Locker.*)



Air XL. (*Under the Greenwood Tree.*)

14

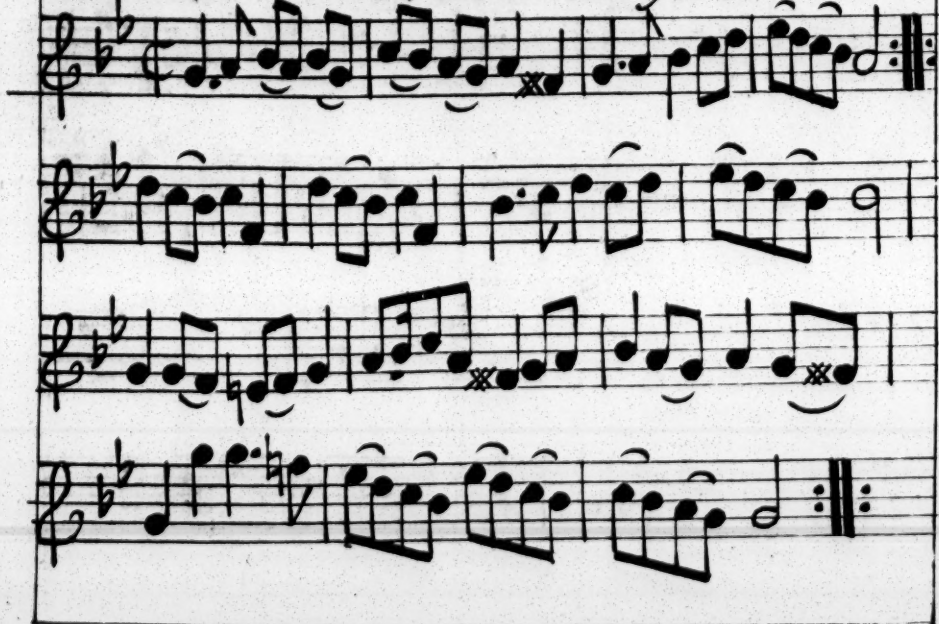
Air XLIII. (*On a Bank of Flowers.*)



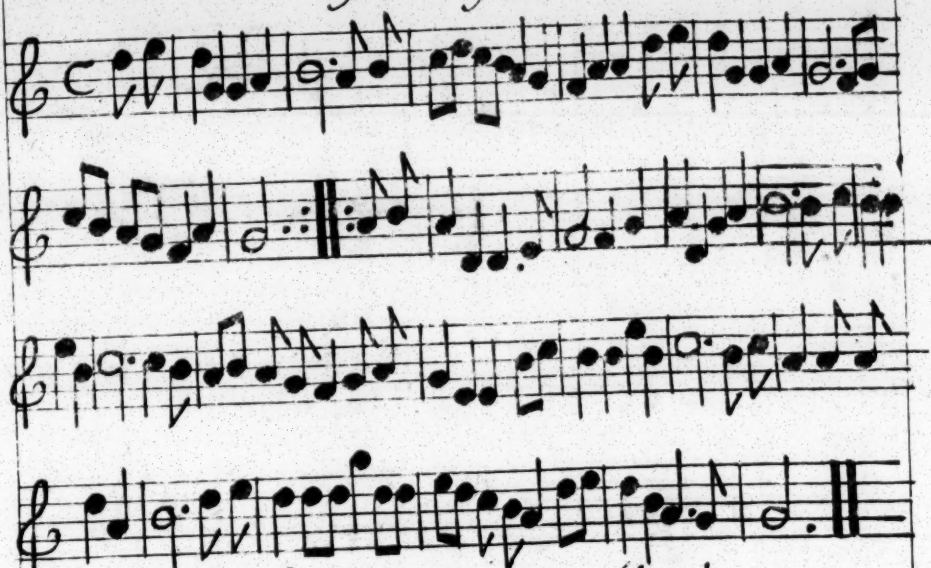
Air XLIV (*Ye Nymphs and ye Swains.*)



Air XLV. (*When y^e Kine had given.*)



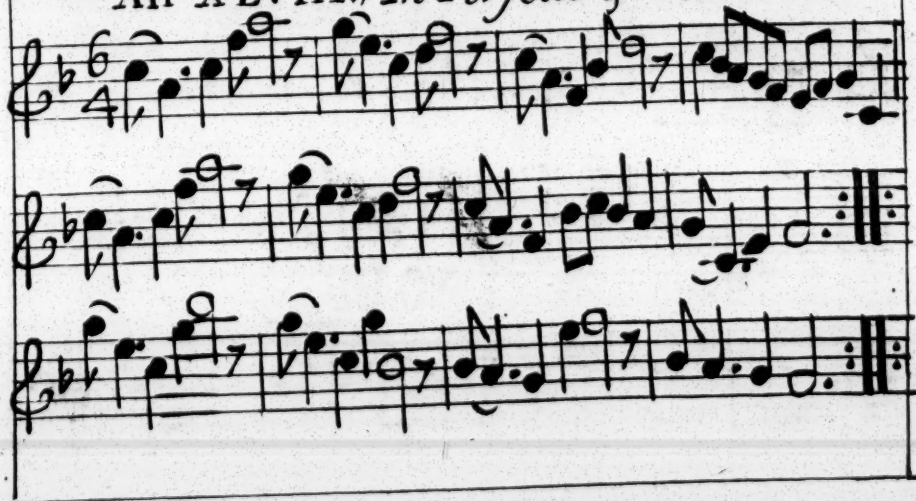
Air XLVI. / In y^e pleasant Month of May¹⁵



Air XLVII (Cockamycary She.)



Air XLVIII. / In Perseus & Andromeda.



16
Air XLIX.



Air L.



Air LI. (*Blowzabella.*) Chorus



11 NO 68

